

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3675. Vol. 141.

3 April 1926

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

6d

CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ...	437	VERSE: Full Moon. By Marion Peacock ...	445	REVIEWS—continued	
LEADING ARTICLES:		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ...	446	The Sweet Science ...	454
“Americanized” Industry ...	439	LITERARY COMPETITIONS ...	448	The Memoirs of Susan Sibbald ...	455
Is Mr. Baldwin a Socialist? ...	440	DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. CXCVII: The Right Hon. Lord Han-		NEW FICTION: By L. P. Hartley	
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		worth, K.B.E. By ‘Quiz’ ...	451	Thunder on the Left ...	456
Letters from Abroad: Books		A NUMBER OF THINGS ...	452	The Charwoman’s Shadow ...	456
and Authors in Argentine ...	441	REVIEWS:		The Hounds of Spring ...	456
Bruges-la-Bruyante. By Anthony		The Old Squire. By Edward		MOTORING. By H. Thornton	
Bertram ...	443	Shanks ...	453	Rutter ...	458
A Young Man of Promise. By		Where is Britain Going? ...	453	ACROSTICS ...	458
J. B. Priestley ...	444			CITY NOTES ...	460
Stratford, London, Coketown.					
By Ivor Brown ...	445				

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Unsolicited contributions will be considered provided that (1) they are typewritten; (2) they bear the author's name; (3) a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Otherwise we decline responsibility and cannot enter into correspondence. Editorial, Advertising, and Publishing Offices: 9 King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2; Gerrard 3157.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the Publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Electricity Bill made a rough start in Parliament on Monday. The lack of spirit with which Colonel Ashley recommended it to the House was more than made up for by the vigour with which most of the subsequent speakers attacked it. From the moment, indeed, the Bill took shape it has received its sharpest criticisms from those who most approve its general purpose and who hailed the Prime Minister's announcement of last January as heralding almost a new industrial era. With the Labour objection that a public service of this size and character should be owned and operated by the State there is nowhere much real sympathy; but Mr. W. Graham, who moved the rejection of the Bill, won a good deal of assent when he dwelt on the involved machinery and circuitous appeals that threaten to make it “an economic and administrative Bedlam.”

CONSERVATIVE CRITICS

The Conservative speakers, while accepting the general object of the measure, went beyond any of the Labour M.P.'s in their hostility to its details. They feared that the initial credit of £33,500,000 would prove altogether insufficient.

They distrusted the idea of placing the entire electrical industry of the country in the control of a departmentally nominated Board on which Parliament was to have but the slightest hold. They doubted whether the managers of the existing electrical undertakings, a few of which are among the best in the world, would join in working the scheme; and they were particularly severe on the harsh terms of expropriation proposed for the concerns that the Board would either have to take over or close down. The Bill, however, secured its second reading by a majority of nearly 200, and the essential soundness of its purpose will keep it from being destroyed, though not from being greatly changed, in Committee.

M. BRIAND'S LOSS OF GRIP

Old friends of M. Briand who watched him closely in Geneva feel that he is losing his famous gift for dealing with a political crisis, and his recent treatment of French internal problems leads one to believe that the strain of the last six months has, in fact, been too much for him. In a situation where courage was needed, he has tried to conciliate first the Right and then the Left and has, in fact, pleased neither. His failure to give a lead to the Chamber lost him M. Doumer as Finance Minister and may very probably lose him M. Doumer's successor, M. Raoul Peret. The

IT WILL PAY YOU
to investigate the
possibilities of the

Remington

BOOK-KEEPING
MACHINES

Demonstration at your
convenience

defeat of the Government on the vote of supply for the military measures in Syria and Morocco shows that the general discontent is not confined to M. Briand's weakness in financial matters alone, and this defeat gains in significance from the fact that within a week or two France may be expected to have recommenced her offensive against the Riffs.

AND HIS CHANCE

Two factors militate in M. Briand's favour. With the franc at 144 to the pound, the Finance Committee of the Chamber agreed on Monday to M. Peret's proposals with a rapidity to which we are no longer accustomed. This fall of the franc may enable the Government to hurry its Finance Bill through the Chamber with equal ease. On the other hand, it has to be remembered that three weeks ago the Chamber refused to pass measures to which the Finance Committee had agreed. The other factor which may help M. Briand is the fear that, should he be overthrown, he will be replaced by M. Herriot, with far more drastic and Socialistic financial proposals than any member of M. Briand's Cabinet will ever make. M. Briand has worked so hard for his country both in home and foreign affairs that we must hope, for his sake and for that of France, that he will weather this crisis and, by getting his Finance Bill passed, take the first steps towards the much needed French financial reconstruction.

THE OUTLOOK IN CHINA

The prospects for those Chinese who put their faith in Marshal Feng are not very bright, for although at the time of writing Peking has not fallen it is expected to do so within a day or two. The main question at issue for the moment is whether General Lu Chung-lin, Commandant of the Peking garrison, will fight, or will allow himself to be bought off by wealthy residents in the capital. When he has been dealt with, we shall have to see if Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu, the two Allied Generals, can remain in agreement and set up in Peking an administration which will represent at any rate the greater part of Northern China. It is not so very long ago that Wu Pei-fu was fighting hard against his present ally, but possibly for once his future actions may be influenced by patriotic sentiments, encouraged by the knowledge that a stable government in China will be able to obtain useful concessions from the Customs Tariff and Extra-Territorial Conferences in Peking.

THE MATTEOTTI TRIAL

The results of the Matteotti trial scarcely bear comment. Everybody knew in advance that the various persons implicated would be released and that no new details of the Government's responsibility would be allowed to leak out. The fairness of the examining magistrates was shown by their insistence on making a distinction between the crime of kidnapping and the crime of murder, although Matteotti could scarcely have been expected to allow himself to be kidnapped without a struggle which would be sufficient excuse for his assassins to kill him. Three of the

men involved were, it is true, found guilty of homicide, but the amnesty law passed some months ago was drafted with a view to the Matteotti trial, and owing to its provisions they have less than three months left to serve. Signor Farinacci's speech on the last day of the trial contained as many ill-supported and unsupported allegations against a dead man as it has ever been our lot to read. It is reported that this gentleman is about to give up his post as Secretary-General of the Fascist Party, and certainly no other action of his could be so beneficial to Fascismo.

THE CRIMINAL RETURNS

While always a rebellious people, we have never been a lawless one, and even a war that for a time seemed to tear society from its foundations has not changed our unaggressive habit of life. The criminal statistics for 1924 are quite reassuring on that point. Crimes of violence show a continuing decline, and non-indictable offences, drunkenness especially, have decreased in the last twenty years by 60 per cent. The great law-breaker of to-day is the motorist, and it is probably true that the new demands upon the police made by the traffic problem, of which he forms a part, help the escape of other offenders. The "something for nothing" spirit induced by the war, and the appliances and facilities that are nowadays at the disposal of criminals, are responsible for an increase, but not an alarming one, in the minor crimes of dishonesty. Sexual offences, too, are slightly more common than they used to be. But in general, and considering that the past few years have been one of the worst periods of unemployment in British history, the criminal statistics are a remarkable testimony to the good humour and self-containment of our people.

AUSTRO-GERMAN UNION

Some weeks before his visit to Berlin, Dr. Ramek, the Austrian Chancellor, took the precaution of announcing that his trip would have no bearing on the possibility of the union between Austria and Germany. This warning, however, has not prevented renewed talk in Italy and France of the imminence of the *Anschluss* and the consequent necessity of guarding against it by special alliances. It is carefully forgotten that, although Austria and Germany have a common language, Austria is a Danubian country with more interests in the other countries on that great waterway than in Germany. Furthermore, Germans who wanted the *Anschluss* when the Austrian crown was stable and the German mark was collapsing have now lost much of their enthusiasm, while the Austrian peasants, who find that they are better off now that the League of Nations has rid them of all the local officials than they were ever before, are frankly hostile to the idea. The chief result of the Italo-Franco-Yugoslav preoccupations is to give an exaggerated influence to the few Austrian intellectuals who, naturally enough, feel cramped in Vienna and demand the larger stage of Berlin.

THE FALL OF M. BRATIANU

The resignation of the Bratianu Government in Rumania will arouse sorrow only in the breasts

of the many corrupt officials who have preferred the bribes of the so-called Liberal Party to the interests of their own country. The hold which the Liberals had gained through Peasant Banks and Co-operatives may at last be broken, but we have yet to see whether a new Government will rule more wisely and honourably than its predecessor. There are in the National and Peasant Parties various candidates for office, but now that the new electoral laws have been passed no one group will be able to govern alone. The Parties have been unable hitherto to unite even in opposition—once in power no coalition is likely to last for long. However, one may anticipate that a new Government at least will abrogate some of the ridiculous restrictions with which the Nationalism of Vintila Bratianu, the Finance Minister, impeded foreign co-operation with Rumania.

VOCATIONAL TESTS

An interesting experiment, the first of its kind to be made in England, has been carried out in one of the London boroughs. One hundred boys and girls in their last year at school were studied from the standpoint of determining the vocations for which they were best fitted. In each case a recommendation of some particular job or career was passed on to the parents, and after two years the results of the whole scheme were carefully surveyed. Those who had acted on the advice thus offered them were found to be happier in their work, better paid, and more definitely marked for promotion than those who had rejected it. The guidance given them at the first material crisis of their lives was just what was needed to turn a probable misfit into a contented and successful worker. From an experiment on so small a scale it would be rash to draw large conclusions. But is it too sanguine to think that we may have here the germ of a scheme that will do something to counteract the casual hit-or-miss methods by which industrialism is now recruited, and so to prevent many a tragedy of talents misapplied and keenness killed by uncongenial work?

TWADDLE ABOUT CRICKET

The more games are played and the less they are written about the better. Nothing, of course, can prevent the coming test matches from being a sporting event of magnetic interest to all Britons, cricketers and non-cricketers alike. But if anything could take away from that interest and make the whole affair seem foolish and overdone, it is the interminable columns that are being published about it before the Australian team has even landed or the season opened. Many of the articles, too, written by Australians and greedily swallowed by the English dailies, are clearly propagandist and are meant to damage the morale of our men. The Australians may win or may be beaten, but there is no reason why our papers should be so hospitable to all these advertisers of their invincibility. Unless, of course, it is their way of acting on the old theory that to get the best out of an Englishman you must first convince him that he is attempting something impossible. Then he will at once go and do it.

"AMERICANIZED" INDUSTRY

NO two countries could well be more alike or more different than England and America. There is a similarity of problems as of speech and characteristics, but there is so vast a dissimilarity of conditions that only rarely can the experience of either be translated into terms of the other's life and habits. This is particularly the case in the sphere of industry. Between that sprawling continent, with its agricultural background, its assured domestic market, its wealth of raw materials, its thin and scattered population—for America with all her millions is still mainly margin—and this crowded urbanized island that lives by selling its goods, loaning its capital and proffering its commercial services all over the world, the points of resemblance are few and the points of contrast many. It is only, therefore, with large reservations that one approaches any attempt to apply the industrial lessons and practices of America to the more static and incomparably more complex circumstances of Great Britain. Such an attempt has recently been made by two young English engineers, Mr. Bertram Austin and Mr. Francis Lloyd, and the result of their reflections and observations, 'The Secret of High Wages,'* has won deserved success and applause. It is altogether to the good that two trained professional men should visit the United States with open eyes and minds, intent on finding out where and why America is ahead of us, and on disentangling for the benefit of their stay-at-home countrymen the causes, or some of them, of the manufacturing effectiveness and the high standard of living and contentment that obtain across the Atlantic. Moreover, Messrs. Austin and Lloyd write with a straightforward crispness and impartiality. They have diagnosed correctly the leading principles of American business organization, and they arraign British employers and British workers, the former more than the latter, for their failure to absorb and reproduce them over here. Within the limits of the caveat we just entered—that industrial America and industrial Britain while similar are not interchangeable—this is to render a service of real value.

Those who lay the chief blame for the relative inefficiency of British industry upon the trade unions have still much to learn. We have only ourselves to thank if labour in the past has been too much occupied in struggling for the bare necessities of a decent living to trouble itself about economic theories or to understand the wider processes of industry. But the consequences of the defective training, the limited outlook, and the susceptibility to catch-phrases of a class that in or out of office is to-day the real governing power in the State are becoming disquietingly apparent. At every turn our recovery from the war has been hampered by the fact that many of the postulates of political economy, which to men of education appear self-evident, are not only not accepted by the average working man, but seem to be flatly contradicted by the teachings of his personal experience. For instance, it is a commonplace to say that what we need most of all just now is a

* 'The Secret of High Wages.' By Bertram Austin and Francis Lloyd. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

greatly increased production. But labour is suspicious of any policy that preaches the necessity of unrestricted output. It is suspicious because millions of working men can testify that a greater output has not in their case meant higher wages. The whole history of trade unionism has planted deep in the consciousness of labour the belief that there is only a certain amount of work to go round and that the less each man does the larger will be the number of those who can share in it. Economists know that the introduction of machinery makes for increased employment. The working man, who has seen his mate lose a job because the installation of a machine has done away with manual labour, does not know it, does not believe it, and has the evidence of his own eyes to convince him that it is not true. Economists, again, have established it as an unassailable axiom that *ca' canny* practices add to the volume of unemployment. The ordinary working man, reasoning from his experience in a particular factory, can only conclude that the economists do not know what they are talking about. Before the war he was persuaded that there was only a fund of strictly limited capacity out of which wages could be paid, and that it was to the interest of labour to spread this fund over as many working men as possible. Since the war he has inclined to the view that the State or "industry" has an inexhaustible reservoir of wealth in reserve, and that he can safely demand whatever wages he pleases. The economists never succeeded in knocking the earlier fallacy out of his head. They will as little succeed in disabusing him of the second.

To restore some sort of agreement between the ascertained facts and principles of economics and the conceptions which labour has of them must be the task of the employer. But it is a task that the average employer in Great Britain has either neglected or bungled. His head is filled with one fallacy at least as destructive of sane industrialism as any that afflict the workers in his pay. The fallacy is that labour costs and costs of production are virtually synonymous. The Americans know better than that. Across the Atlantic in all the better factories the more a man earns in wages the more highly he is valued, because his earnings depend on his output, and the greater his output the smaller is the cost price of his product. It is a maxim of American manufacturing that a man who does not earn so much per week is too expensive to employ; and that is a far surer guide to industrial conduct than our own employers' too frequent habit of cutting piece rates and thus inviting, and almost forcing, the men to limit production. To look forward to and work for a reduction of wages as a necessary step to the national economic rehabilitation is both fatuous and anti-social. In our judgment one of the few beneficial results of the war is that it has led to an all-round raising of the wage-earners' standard of life. Our employers have got to accommodate themselves to this change and to find in better organization, more perfect mechanical equipment and mass production the economies that will enable them to stand it and still make a profit. It is not high wages that will ruin them, but their own inefficiency, their neglect of science, their partiality for old methods and processes, their new-born inclination when they feel themselves in

a hole to appeal to the Government to get them out of it by means of protective duties or subsidies or State guarantees, or some other external and debilitating device.

This we take to be the warning which Messrs. Austin and Lloyd intended to convey and to point with American instances. There is hardly a feature they have noted down as an inseparable part of "Big Business" in America which is not questioned, derided or flatly opposed by the general run of British manufacturers. If a law were to be passed compelling all our industrial concerns to observe "a strict adherence to the policy of promotion of staff by merit and ability only," half of them would have to close or submit to an unimaginable reconstruction. Wages subjected to no limit except a man's capacity to earn them; huge sales procured by reducing prices while maintaining or improving quality; the systematic scrapping of obsolete plant and the avid ceaseless search for time-and-trouble-saving machinery; the free exchange of ideas and experiences between competing firms; welfare work and a lavish expenditure on research and experiments as indispensable to progress—these are hardly the hall-marks of British industrialism. Whether they are ever likely to be, whether it would be a good thing for the country if they were, whether along with increased business efficiency they might not induce a lowered quality of national life and character, are points that admit of no abruptly categorical reply. To compete successfully with the Americans must we become as they are? That their industrial achievements grow greater with every year that passes, and that in them the spirit of America finds its most ardent and faithful expression, is obvious. But a Britain Americanized on these thorough-going lines might have suffered losses for which the most masterly business technique would be but a poor substitute.

IS MR. BALDWIN A SOCIALIST?

AFTER two days' debate in which two out of every three speakers (apart from Front-bench men) were Conservatives grumbling at the policy of their Government, the Electricity Bill has been given a second reading by a majority of nearly two hundred. To be sure, no Conservative could vote for a Labour motion for rejection based on the ground that the Bill was not Socialistic enough; but how many would have voted for a Conservative motion protesting that it was too Socialistic? Very few; indeed, the moral of the two days' revolt this week on the Conservative back benches is that the rebels are not really angry, and are in revolt not so much against a policy as against certain headlines that are sometimes attached to the policy. The question asked at the head of this article does not need much answering. If a Socialist is a man who holds that public ownership may sometimes be desirable, then not only Mr. Baldwin but many of his predecessors are Socialists. It must be at least twenty years since Sir William Harcourt, in a burst of candour, said, "We are all Socialists now," and in one sense so we are. The Post Office is Socialistic, and the C.O.D. system is a fresh extension of Socialism. If the Coal

Commission's Report is adopted and we get State ownership and municipal distribution of coal, that will be yet more Socialism. Conservatives of the type of Sir Charles Wilson, who fiercely denounced the Bill this week as State Socialism, are themselves municipal Socialists of gas, water, electricity, transport, and other enterprises. State education, too, is Socialistic, and even the institutions of the Army and Navy are not above the same suspicion. Indeed, the only person for the last fifty years who has been above the suspicion is the non-existent economic man of the old Manchester school. But to use Socialism in that sense is to blur the sharp edges of words in a mist. There is only one rational definition of the Socialist: namely, that he is a man who holds that public ownership of all commodities is antecedently desirable; that private enterprise is inherently bad; and that all economic essays in reform are good or bad as they approach or recede from his ideal. In that sense perhaps two Liberals, and probably two-thirds of the Labour members, are Socialists; but certainly no Conservative is Socialistic.

The Government made a great mistake in not stating its philosophical position more fully on the second reading of a Bill like the Electricity Bill, for though Conservatives are not much given to the philosophy of politics, they are (like the other Parties) much in bondage to words and phrases and liable to take fright at certain adjectives. Mr. Baldwin, one suspects, does not always realize what a big thing he is trying to do. To begin with, he is determined that the Conservative Party shall not be a party of rich men and their dependants, but shall also be a Labour Party in this sense: that it shall show itself able to do as much and more for the interests of the worker as the Labour Party. He really wants Conservatives to be in a position to say, "We are the Labour Party." He is not a mere pious aspirant for peace between Capital and Labour, an amiable "Give peace in our time, O Lord" Prime Minister, but wants to found a new Conservative democracy on a broader basis than has yet been possible. But this ambition has fallen on evil days, for taxation is monstrously high and unemployment shows no serious decline. He knows that the present period of terrible depression is unfavourable to his hopes, and that the new spirit of co-operation between Capital and Labour for which he is working requires for its impetus to success a genuine return to prosperity. Is he to sit and wait until this period comes of its own accord? Or is he to do whatever a Government can do to hasten its arrival and to take fuller advantage of it when it does come? The Electricity Bill is an affirmative answer to this last question, and those who know most of the subject are most insistent on its importance as a contributor to cheap production, not by lowering the standard of living (which would only act as a further depressant to trade), but by increasing the sum of wealth.

But with this affirmative answer Mr. Baldwin's difficulties were only beginning. If he were not a believer in private enterprise, State ownership and State working of power stations would be the obvious and natural solution. But believing as he does in private enterprise and in some form of national control or trust as the condition of success,

he has set himself to devise a new form of partnership between the State and the electricity undertakings, and the elaborate and complicated provisions of the Bill are the result. It was inevitable that he should lay himself open to an enfilading fire from both sides, and about many of the provisions of the Bill there are grave doubts even among those who are generally favourable. All that he asks is that his proposals should be considered with reference not to a theory but to their practical results. And those Conservatives who have reproached the Bill with Socialism are committing precisely the same mistake as the Labour men who complain that it is not Socialistic. They are trying a very practical question by its deviation or conformity with an abstract political dogma.

The main trouble with private enterprise is that its unit is too small. The general development of industry is towards combinations, cartels and trusts simply because the larger the unit the better in most cases are the economic results. If it were possible to wait, no doubt we should in course of time have England divided between half a dozen great electrical trusts. The form of State control that Mr. Baldwin wishes to set up has nothing whatever to do with a political theory, but is an attempt to hasten the advent of the big trust system, and to discipline it according to a considered plan of what is best for industry and for the general well-being. If the opposition be analysed it will be discovered that not a little of it comes from the local trusts which have already been formed by the municipalities that run their own electrical undertakings. The reproach of Socialism that is brought against the scheme is due mainly to the fact that the control is exercised by the State; if it were exercised by some smaller local unit the public, accustomed to municipal monopoly of certain prime necessities, would have scented no danger from any ism. Perhaps some of this municipal jealousy, which in one form or another is always cropping up in our politics, may be disarmed during the progress of the Bill through Committee. But the great thing is that the problem should now be envisaged as a purely practical one of securing business efficiency.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

BOOKS AND AUTHORS IN ARGENTINE

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

Buenos Ayres

THE months of January, February and March mark in Argentine a standstill in the literary activities of the country. Most of the theatres close, and those which remain open do so for the sake of revues and other shows which have nothing at all to do with literature. Opera and the drama wait for winter, when the theatres of Buenos Ayres offer their stage to all kinds of artists. The 'Colon,' one of the most beautiful theatres in America, is visited every year in winter by excellent singers and operatic troupes, Italian, German or French. Dramatic companies of all nationalities also fill the other theatres during the season. Last year an English company, in 'La Opera,' gave the Argentine public some of the most popular comedies of the London stage. German,

French and Italian actors also gave dramatic performances in their own languages for the numerous foreigners living in Buenos Ayres and for those Argentines, of whom there are many, who can enjoy the beauty of foreign literature.

The year 1925 has been one of exceptional activity from the literary point of view. As a result of high prizes offered every year, both by the city and the national Governments, to the authors of the best works in the different branches of literature, many young authors dedicate their time to the writing of books designed specially to bid for the prize. For a new country these prizes may be considered as a fertile incentive; but they also bring with them the danger of inviting production merely for an immediate profit. Looking over the considerable number of books published in 1925, one cannot say that any great literary talent has made its appearance; but some excellent books from familiar authors have come to increase the treasure of Spanish literature. Arturo Cancela, whose name is known not only in Argentine and in the other Spanish-speaking countries, but also in France and Italy, where his book 'Tres relatos porteños' ('Three Short Stories of Port Life') has been the object of mature and heedful criticism, has published, under the name of 'El Burro de Maruff' ('Maruff's Donkey'), a book of short stories, essays and descriptive and biographical notices in which his lucid humour, his mastery of the pen, and his placid attitude toward human weakness are happily preserved. Arturo Capdevila, a great poet who brings to our mind in certain moments the ascetic and strange poetry of Francis Thompson, has published during the year three books of different value and character. His book of short stories, entitled, 'The City of Dream,' contains more than one model of narrative art. He has a perfect mastery of the language, and in his hands Spanish becomes a rare instrument of infinite flexibility for the expression of subtle shades and delicate emotions. Hugo Wast (pen name of Gustavo Martinez Zuviria) has increased the already large bulk of his works of fiction with a novel of the countryside, 'Desierto de Piedra,' the episodes of which have their development in the mountainous part of the country far away from the ordinary amenities of civilization. But for the style and the dialogue, his books make one think of Hardy's 'Far From the Madding Crowd.' The landscape is rendered with truth and not without charm, and the characters, though somewhat rectilinear, escape the conventionality of the old romantic types so often described in the traditional South American novel.

It is a noteworthy fact in Argentine letters that the novel is much less cultivated than the short story. Among the thirty or forty volumes of fiction published in Argentine during 1925 only four or five are really novels. All the rest are short stories, fables, apoloques, sketches. It seems almost as though the hectic course of life in this new country prevents the young authors from concentrating their efforts on a work of great length. There is also an inclination among the new masters of fiction in Argentine to believe that the short story is not the result of incapacity to build great literary structures, as one might be disposed to submit. In their opinion the short story or the novel shapes itself in the mind of the artist as a perfect whole, with all its general contours intuitively outlined. Writing should not swell those contours. And often, they say, it is not difficult to pick out in long novels incidents and descriptions which do not belong organically to the narrative and are put there only to "make up." Be it as it may, the short story has taken the largest and the best part of the literary activities in Argentine during 1925. One of the ablest and most conscientious artists of the short story is Horacio Quiroga, an Uruguayan who has made his home in Argentine, and whose influence on the new generation of fiction-writers is wide and

undeniable. He has a strong and strange power of suggestion, of which he makes use in his tragic stories of the Argentine jungle or in his weird tales of an unreal beauty. His 'El Desierto' contains much that is worth reading and something which will remain.

Numerous also are the volumes of poems published in 1925. Not many of them are worthy of quotation. We have read several volumes. A limited number contain real beauty of thought and expression. A young man has arrested the attention of the South American public with a small book of poems entitled 'Mal estudiante' ('Indifferent College Boy'), full of disheartening but rather attractive wit. He describes the mournful aspects of life in the great metropolis and shows at times deep insight into and sympathy with his fellow sufferers. Alfonsina Storni, a young lady of real poetic talents, has sounded in 'Ocre' notes of sound intellectual strength and beauty. Gracefulness is not the characteristic of her art, and she is at times too impassive, for fear, perhaps, of falling into the usual depths of sentimentality. Strength emanates from her rhymes, the harmony of which evokes rather the vibration of steel than the sonorities of the silver flute. Alberto Gerchunoff, whose name clearly indicates Slavonic origin and tendencies, has given us in a series of imaginary dialogues the best of his mind and a clear indication of his power as a prose writer. His mind is open to all kinds of poetic suggestion, but two things above all fill his inmost thoughts. One is the pleasure of knowledge, the other is a great human interest in the sufferings of his kind. His book has a strange title: 'La asamblea de la bohordilla' ('The Meeting in the Garrett'), and all kinds of real and unreal personages come in and express their feelings or opinions in a charming Castilian phrase through the delicate tissue of which one can enjoy the presence of a strange and very subtle essence. Mephisto, the Serpent of Paradise, M. Jourdain, Thomas à Kempis assume the attitudes which only a poet of wide reading, and one familiar with the works of genius, could lend them in these days of sordid thought and quick ratiocinations.

The year 1926 opens with great expectations. Few books have been published as yet, but great activity is shown in the numerous monthly Reviews, academic, cliquish and independent, which represent the views of the different groups. Although traditionally the Argentine literature is and has to be Spanish, one can say that among the Latin-American Republics, Argentine is the one which is developing most clearly a literature of its own. There is a great deal of exaggeration in the sayings of those who affirm that the Spanish language is evolving here so rapidly that, as a result of its contact with many other foreign tongues, it will very soon be so different from the pure Castilian that Spaniards will not be able to understand it. There are not many differences between the Spanish of the well-educated classes of Buenos Ayres and that of Madrid. The editorials of such good Spanish dailies as *El Sol* or *La Vanguardia* are understood in Buenos Ayres, and if the leaders of *La Nación* are not understood in Madrid the fault is not with the Argentine writers. As for the differences between the Castilian of Madrid and the Spanish of Buenos Ayres, it is obvious that they are not so wide and disconcerting as those between the language of Burgos and the dialect of Seville. But from a strictly literary point of view the Argentine authors differ considerably from their Spanish colleagues. Literature on this side of the Atlantic is taking its own lines of development, and the models are not always Spanish. A lively intellectual curiosity inspires the Argentine authors, who read French, English, Italian and German books with the same ardour and interest that they show in the study of contemporary Spanish and Argentine productions. Under these influences Argentine letters follow lines of development which give them a national and easily recognizable character.

BRUGES-LA-BRUYANTE

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

I THINK that the first time I went to Bruges I must have been very effectively bluffed by Georges Rodenbach. Anyway, it did not make me disgorge all the dead city, soul and taper business with which that sweet-melancholy *boulevardier* had fed my tender years. Before my second visit I re-read 'Bruges-la-Morte' and 'Le Carillonneur,' and I think I was a little uneasy. But then, one clings desperately to other people's illusions. This explains why, when I wanted to settle down to a long period of quiet work, I went to Bruges. I was there six months, and that finished Rodenbach. What is not generally realized is the relativity of noise. If noise is sufficiently loud and continuous it is as good as silence; anybody who has spent a little time among mountain torrents knows how soon their noise is forgotten. I live in what is called a quiet street, but I should be very much quieter in Piccadilly. It is the occasional passing carts, squalling babies, musical ex-soldiers that count: the sudden hoots, rattlings of harness and clatterings of hoofs. What is troubling in noise is by no means what, considering the matter in the abstract, you would expect. It is the irregularity of noise that is so upsetting, and the absence of a sustained hum of activity that makes sudden noises so trying.

If ever there was a city of disturbing noises it is Bruges. To begin with there are the bells. There is something devilish about those bells: one simply has to follow their little tinkling tune through its performance, and one simply has to check one's watch every quarter of an hour. Besides the forty-nine bells which ordinarily jangle there is the great Bell of Triumph. Bruges has an unconscionable number of triumphs. Then do the Brugeois hang out innumerable flags; then do they assemble in the Grand' Place with a clattering of sabots that would awaken a Flemish drunkard; then do their Guilds, from the Archers to the Football Guild, assemble with bands and banners and torches; then do the Burgomasters and Governors and Commandants show themselves to the people; then does the Great Bell of Triumph shake the earth and all the other forty-nine bells shatter the sky. It is the King's birthday: it is the Queen's birthday. It is Armistice Day; it is the *Semaine Commerciale*; it is Peace Day; it is War Day; it is Sunday; it is almost any conceivable kind of day, and Bruges has decided to gather its strength *pour épater Rodenbach*.

But Bruges does well enough in its common round. Here is an empty street, it says, cobbled and narrow, and patently meant to be noisy. First of all it will send along a Franciscan, whose sandals give off a flip-flop kind of noise like the warning of an old clock when it is about to strike: then it will send the washerwoman, clickety-clocteking in her sabots, trundling a loosely-built wheelbarrow and emitting a doleful yowl. Hard on her, it will send the newspaper woman, no less clickety-clocteking, tootling a high-pitched horn; then the dust cart ringing a bell like an overdue fire-engine; then a squadron of cavalry, rattling and jangling from hoofs to helmets; then a monstrous long cart with chain-traces jumping on

the cobbles; and between each emissary Bruges-la-Bruyante will send a brief silence that isolates and intensifies the noise to come.

In the Grand' Place, as the centre of the town, certain other noises concentrate, though they are by no means confined there. Most notable of these is the noise of the trams, which, out of sheer delight in noise, clang their strident bells all the way round and up every street, though there is nobody within possible danger.

It was at the corner of the rue de la Monnaie that I once heard a tram surpass itself. The incident was altogether remarkable because it involved action on the part of the Bruges police. It appeared that there had nearly been a collision between a very large Fleming in a very small dog-drawn cart and one of the redoubtable trams. Between the protagonists, the policeman danced with fury; he clanked his sword; he waved his baton; he volleyed grand old Flemish abuse through his noisy moustache. The big Fleming trembled so violently that his little cart rattled and his dogs bayed with horror; and the tram all the while, the flouted, redoubtable tram, kept up an unbroken complaint on its bell, a thundering protest against insult and danger and delay. The louder the policeman swore, the louder the dogs bayed; the more violently the Fleming trembled, the more persistently the bell challenged high Heaven. Then from every corner of Bruges, the Brugeois came running, clickety-clocteking, flippety-floppeting, drawn by a noise like the children of Brunswick by the Pied Piper. Then did they all take sides in the argument. . . .

The mention of argument reminds me that the Brugeois voice, backed by Flemish ale or the Dutch spirit from the distillery out Damme way, can produce as fine a noise by itself as ever could Bottom the Weaver, though he had roared more tremendously than he had promised. Your Brugeois knows well enough that the ladies of Flanders are not easily affrighted; and, on any paltry issue, he will go to it with a fine accompaniment of banging fists and rattled glasses, so that his roar, and the counter-roar of his antagonist, and the supporting roars of everybody else in the room, all combine into one enormous, resounding roar that belches out of the café and echoes about the streets and quays, like the trumpeting of doom.

These are some of the noises out of the season. What is added to them in the season I do not know, because I was never there. The motor-boats make a great pulsing and splashing, I have no doubt, but at the first sign of the twanging tourist, I fly to the studious silence of London. I am a tourist myself, of course, but I am always out of season, like an oyster who should avoid the R in the month. That is why the native noises of Bruges have not been drowned for me in the scratching of tourist pens on penny post-cards, and that is why I know her for what she is, Bruges-la-Vivante, no guide-book casket of stale memories, but a city like others, full of hope and effort and the splendid noises of men:

O les siècles et les siècles sur cette ville !
Le rêve ancien est mort et le nouveau se forge.
Il est fumant dans la pensée et la sueur
Des bras fiers de travail, des fronts fiers de lueurs,
Et la ville l'entend monter du fond des gorges
De ceux qui le portent en eux
Et le veulent crier et sangloter aux cieux.

A YOUNG MAN OF PROMISE

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

AS I have already commented on the blunders of a young author who found it difficult to take his profession seriously, it is only fair to our junior writers, who have felt themselves injured as a class by my severe criticism of one of them, though obviously one of the most stupid, that I should make haste to praise a young author of another metal when I should find him. If I must blame the blunderer, then I must also commend the wise young man, whose conduct knows nothing of such follies as I have denounced. It would not be difficult to produce from my acquaintance half a dozen young writers who would serve as subjects for such eulogies; but I prefer to deal with someone who is not known to me. Chance has brought such a person under my notice. I do not know his name, his works, his mode of life, indeed, anything about him, beyond the fact that he is responsible for a certain advertisement that caught my eye only a few days ago. It was prominently displayed in the personal column of the *Morning Post*, and runs as follows: "Author, young and presentable, recently come to London, of excellent professional family, wishes to become acquainted with some smart people." And then there follows a box number to which smart people are asked to write.

But to say that I know nothing about him, after producing this advertisement, is clearly untrue. It tells a good deal. We know that he is an author and, therefore, a fit subject for any little appreciation that might follow these introductory remarks. We know, too, that he is both young and presentable. Many authors are not young, but are old, worn, grey, irretrievably lost in tobacco smoke and conceit. If smart people are to know authors at all, obviously they are not going to take up with such dodderers. Then again, many authors are not presentable. I have known many who were certainly unfit to be seen in any decent drawing-room, fellows with baggy trousers, dubious soft collars, and heavy boots, who would sprawl about the place as if it were a tap-room, who would talk for hours at the top of their uncouth provincial voices. Even others, who are more civilized, can hardly be described as presentable, though their gaucheries and provincialisms might perhaps pass unrecognized, be lacking in direct offensiveness, on a crowded evening. But a really presentable author is something of a rarity, which explains why smart people have to be so careful. We know, too, that our young writer has recently come to London. This is a fact of some importance to his prospective hosts and hostesses because it means that he has not had time to collect the wrong kind of people, to make acquaintances, and even friends, in all manner of odd holes and corners as so many young men do. Nothing is more distressing than to take up a promising youth, introducing him here and there, and then to discover that he is hand in glove with the awful Smiths, the revolting Robinsons.

But even though an author should be young and presentable, we still want to know more about him. A great many authors—and it would be absurd to allow our love of literature, our admiration of genius, to prevent us from facing the fact—come

from nowhere; and their origins are such as to make any inquiry into them a most tactless proceeding. Some of them have risen from the gutter. Others, and these not the least important, have been the children of small tradesmen and the like. Befriending persons of this kind, you take the risk of having some impossible perspiring fishmonger descending upon you and wringing your hand, or some little linen draper telling you that he is pleased to meet you. Not only that, but it is clear that however carefully a young man may act in company, guarding himself against solecisms of every description, unless he has been properly brought up, unless he has been accustomed to good society at home, his veneer of refinement will crack sooner or later and reveal the vulgarity beneath. A man may write masterpieces and have somewhere in the background a family too appalling to be mentioned, but if he is offering himself as a guest, a very different matter from merely offering himself as an artist, some guarantee that he belongs to a respectable family is necessary. If it is a good family, so much the better. Therefore, our young author of the advertisement does well to mention that he is "of excellent professional family." Nor is the "excellent" superfluous, because in these days professional families are not what they were. All sorts of people are crowding into the professions. But as it is, "excellent professional family," though it might be better, should carry him anywhere.

Now let us look at the question from the other side, that of the young author himself. We have seen that he is the sort of person who can safely be taken up, entertained, introduced to people of consequence. But by whom? We know, and so, fortunately for himself and his prospects, does our young author, who does not hesitate to say so. The answer is, of course, by "some smart people." He might have said in his advertisement that he merely wished to have companionship, to know some persons with similar tastes, perhaps in the hope that some of them would turn out to be smart people. But no, he declares outright that he wishes to become acquainted with some smart people, and thereby wins our admiration for both his wisdom and his courage. He is wise enough to know that only smart people will be of any use to him and that it is foolish to encumber oneself with acquaintances of no importance, suburban nobodies, and the like. But while many of us may have sufficient wisdom to recognize the best when we see it, few of us have the courage to stand up and say that we will be content with nothing less. We are told that a favourite remark of a well-known modern writer, whose quiet distinction of thought and phrase is easily identified, is "The best is good enough for me." Here he has a worthy disciple. Consider the position of this young author who has recently come to London. No longer surrounded by the members of his excellent professional family; lonely, though presentable, in his still unfamiliar rooms; rising from his manuscripts to pace the streets where no smile, no word of greeting, can await him; anxious, like all true artists, to reveal himself, his dreams and aspirations, to a sympathetic companion; in such a position he could hardly be blamed if he recklessly made acquaintances without any thought of the future. Yet knowing that it is his business to meet smart people and only

smart people, he has the courage to endure his loneliness, empty days, friendless nights, rather than lower his standard and thereby endanger his career at the outset. We can imagine him sitting there in his silent lodgings, into which no friendly face has peeped these many days, waiting that hour, which Time will ripen, when once more he will be able to bow and smile and talk, when he will be entirely surrounded by smart people.

But clearly he would not be the man he is if he had not realized that something else was necessary. He might spend the rest of his life in those rooms vainly awaiting the arrival of smart people. How are they to know that he is there and that he is emphatically their man just as they are his people? They will never know unless they are told, and the only person who can tell them is our young author himself. We are now living, as the Sayings of the Week in next Sunday's papers will amply demonstrate, in an age of advertisement, and there is no reason why we should not advertise for friends, letting the right kind of people know that we are there waiting for them. This, then, is what our young author did, and I applaud him for it and can only hope that by this time he has weeded out the really smart people from the people who are only pretending to be smart (who no doubt flooded his post-box with their replies), and that he will be soon seen everywhere, a little less young than he was before, perhaps, but even more presentable. He has made a good beginning—though it is only fair to warn him that he must increase his efforts and not relax as he will doubtless be tempted to do—and if he will only let me know his name, I promise to follow his career step by step, making it the text for further little appreciations of this kind. Too often we see the young, shining-eyed, grasping with foot and hand the ladder of Success, and yet neglect to give them a passing cheer.

VERSE

FULL MOON

BY MARION PEACOCK

THROUGH the night walks a white virgin
Threading the lily pool
With pale, wetted buds that Jesus
Let fall from fingers cool.

The earth so bright and lonely
Is swept of all but a sigh,
The sharp rimmed moon like a gaudy clock
Is moving the hours by.

I am afraid of such whiteness!
Come, love, where thick as thieves
On the branch of the crowding beeches
Are comfortable leaves.

STRATFORD, LONDON, COKETOWN

BY IVOR BROWN

THE Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon are asking for a quarter of a million pounds in order to make good the fiery damage of March 6. By making this demand they certainly do not accept Wolsey's advice about flinging away ambition. When one remembers that the Shakespeare Memorial Committee have been engaged for years and years in failing to raise money for the London Memorial Theatre and that the Sadler's Wells Fund has not exactly bounded to its modest goal, the Stratford people may certainly be described as wearing a bold face. But undoubtedly they have taken the right line. The modest mendicant (as the history of the Shakespeare Memorial Committee proves) will not be rewarded for his reticent politeness. If it be held that marble and gilded monuments are needed to give life to the poet's powerful rhyme, then let an equally powerful brass be the music of appeal.

Stratford has been rightly daring. It has, of course, enormous advantages in its ability to make a draft on sentiment. The "home-town" touch is just what the New World expects from the Old. America can hardly deny us a fraction of its golden superfluity. Moreover the Governors have been prompt. This year's festival is to go forward in a converted cinema, and on the birthday Coriolanus will lord it upon territory reclaimed from the hosts of Gish. No time has been wasted in launching the appeal and no moderation in proclaiming its proportions. This makes an effective contrast to the quietude of those responsible for the London venture. London will now have to wait till Stratford has been satisfied. But I am extremely sorry for the promoters of the Sadler's Wells Fund. For they now have a burly, bustling rival in this just campaign.

A Memorial Theatre at Stratford can hardly be described as a national necessity, but its maintenance is one of those gestures on which self-respect insists. Even in a motor-car age Stratford does not impinge much upon English life except as a name. The average subscriber will not be providing himself with a theatre which he will commonly use, but he will be doing something to avert the sighs or the sneers of the foreign tourist should he learn that in Stratford it is a case of Shakespeare, Shakespeare everywhere, but not a play to see. That is a perfectly valid reason for rebuilding and carrying on the honourable purposes of the beneficent family of Flower. There is, as an added reason, the fact that we have got rid of a very bad building and may now replace it with a good one, good alike for the actor, the playgoer, and the eye of the visitor who takes a walk by the waters of Avon. The only handsome thing about the old Memorial Theatre was its site and garden. These remain. The rest was all the fiend's.

How then to rebuild—if our mind's eye may outstrip the immense but not exciting business of fetching in the cash? There is a strong case for "going Tudor" and renewing the bank-side of Southwark in the meadowland of Avon. This, of course, will be called pedantic, highbrow, gloomy, and will receive all the deadliest darts of Mr.

Flawner Bannel's jocosity. It will be argued that Drury Lane is what Shakespeare would really have enjoyed. Perhaps he would, but the fact has nothing to do with the case. Shakespeare was a working man who used the tools and the workshop that were provided; he could not afford to live delicately in Italy and write manifestoes on what was wrong with the theatre. Even if he could have afforded such dalliance, he would not have been so petty as to accept it. As a working man, with no highbrow nonsense about him, he based his dramatic method on the actualities of his time; he wrote for a certain kind of stage and a certain simplicity of scenic appliance. The only sensible way to act an old master is to reproduce the conditions of his mastery. Greek plays confined within a curtain-stage and equipped no more Hellenically than Wardour Street can imagine lose their identity altogether. So must Shakespeare be reported "missing" when a grandiose production has attempted to make tableaux vivants out of Richard II. Shakespeare probably liked a bit of pageantry; in his last plays he even catered for it. But the point is simply this, that if he had known that the bulk of his work was going to be thus lavishly produced he would have written it in quite another form.

But fashion changes, as Mr. Bridges Adams insists, and architecture has been known to make an honourable compromise before now. In any case, no one is going to tolerate a complete Elizabethan facsimile with roofless pit. So compromise will probably aim at internal plasticity and a stage which can be all things to all styles and wear its apron without flaunting it. Externally the problem will be more interesting still. To combine the memorial purpose, the needs of a modern playhouse, and the unassuming "meadow-scape" of the site by the Avon will be a challenge to genius. May it be answered.

So (finance assisting) we may move towards the ideal outlined by Mr. Bridges Adams of an English Bayreuth. It is a brave idea, but not one that should be allowed to supplant a more catholic plan for remembering Shakespeare in action. The people who can afford to go touring in search of the arts and to squat in expensive hotels while they savour the experience are not the people who matter most. When I hear talk of Stratford, I inevitably think of Coketown. England has a hundred of the latter to one of the former, and Coketown is just as much a legatee of Shakespeare's genius as any band of motoring gentlemen who can go honking through Arden when they feel inclined. My own idea of a National Shakespeare Memorial is neither a palace by the Thames nor a pleasure by the Avon, but a dozen touring companies which will go from Coketown to Coke Village and back again, threading that teeming wilderness into which the actor now hardly penetrates. The London playgoer, despite the eternal state of "what's-wrongness" in which the drama flounders along, has plenty of chances to save his soul or to sharpen his wit. He has only to be suburban in his range and punctual in his visits. He must not wait, as he usually does, until something intelligent has been withdrawn and then explain how eager he was to go. But Coketown is in a quite different plight. Here and there a fight is put up, as by Mr. Wareing at Huddersfield. There are the amateurs, a growing

force with a tremendous kingdom to conquer. But the touring system has declined. First-class companies (Miss Thorndike's excepted) stick tenaciously to London. It is possible to live in an English provincial town which is the centre of a million or more of people and never see a play of Shakespeare's from one year's end to another. The only memorial to Shakespeare which will deserve the name "national" will be a memorial which ends this scandal.

Such touring companies would need headquarters. Stratford would be an admirable base of operations. The team that played there in spring and summer might, if it were endowed, do a round of Coketowns in the winter. That is one reason for wanting a generous response to the quarter-of-a-million appeal. It would be gross waste to spend all that money at Stratford, but to use the surplus capital for endowing (as the Shakespeare Memorial Committee used to endow the New Shakespearean Company) a tour or, better still, a series of tours would be more than good Shakespeareanism: it would be good statesmanship. I do not believe that heavy subsidies would be needed, although the first invasion of Coketown areas might find the public timid at taking a chance. The British public is a slow starter when something good comes its way, and we have got to make the best of it. But acceptance would come. Shakespeare, set free from the school-room atmosphere, is irresistible. Once persuade Coketown that the man wrote plays instead of devilishly inventing subjects for exams., and Coketown will attend. It ought to attend and it has a right to attend, since Coketown is more truly England than is England's Americanized, Jew-ridden, parasitic capital. We are very fond of tacking the word "national" on to Shakespeare's name. Very well, then let us nationalize him as best we may. Two-thirds of the nation live in Coketown or round about it. Not among the globe-trotters at Stratford nor in some new-built London theatre (for whose control the cliques will fight to the wordy end), will the best memento of the greatest and sanest Englishman be found. I cannot understand why London and Stratford should be mentioned as the only rivals for the honour. They are neither of them half as important as the English people whose address is mainly Coketown.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

WHAT IS THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE?

SIR,—As the time is approaching when members of the Primrose League will once more participate in the Primrose Day (April 19) celebrations and pay their tribute to the memory of that great statesman, Lord Beaconsfield, this may be an opportune moment to explain some of the objects of the Primrose League. There are obviously large numbers of people to-day who are not familiar with the origin and history of

the Primrose League. It is often stated by people who are not well informed about the Primrose League that it is a non-political organization. This is incorrect. The Primrose League is a political body with a definite political objective. This should be clearly understood, otherwise the whole purpose of the League will be liable to misrepresentation. The Primrose League was formed primarily to further the political policy of Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield), the maker of the modern Conservative Party. For this reason the Primrose League has always been closely associated with the Conservative Party, and has for over forty years done valuable educational and propaganda work for that party. This connexion with the Conservative Party is still maintained and the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who is a great student and admirer of Disraeli, last year succeeded the late Lord Curzon as Grand Master of the Primrose League. These facts will enable your readers to understand the political aims and sympathies of the League, and to realize that its adherence to the political principles of so staunch a Conservative statesman as Disraeli makes it a formidable foe of all subversive movements and of all parties that desire to weaken or destroy the imperial foundations of our country.

The Primrose League stands for the maintenance of religion, the monarchy and the Empire, and it asserts that any attempt to destroy these three essential principles of our constitution cannot be tolerated by any patriotic person. These objects of the League are expressed in its motto: "For God, King and Country." It follows, therefore, that the Primrose League is resolutely opposed to Socialism and Communism, and it regards the growth of Socialism and Communism in this country as a serious menace to every institution on which the existence and prosperity of the nation depend. The fallacies of Socialism are fundamental and far reaching in their effects, and neither the Empire nor the great industries of this country could be maintained if ever the full programme of Socialism was adopted. The Primrose League presents the declaration of Lord Beaconsfield when he said:

The Tory Party, unless it is a National Party, is nothing. It is not a confederacy of nobles. It is not a democratic multitude. It is a party formed from all the numerous classes in the realm, classes alike and equal before the law, but whose different conditions and different aims give vigour and variety to our national life.

These words aptly describe the principles, the work, and the aims of the Primrose League.

On Social questions the Primrose League has always made what Disraeli described as "The condition of the people" a matter of vital concern. Thus I desire the League to help and support legislative or other methods of removing poverty and distress, and to raise the standard of living for those whose standard is at present too low. But the Primrose League recognizes that improvements in the conditions of the people, if they are to be permanent, must be the result of combined and constructive effort of all classes. I therefore venture to suggest to all patriotic citizens, of whatever class or social position, that there is a service which they can render to their country by joining the Primrose League, and by co-operating with it to promote better relations between employers and employed, and to further the political, Imperial and social objects of the Primrose League.

I am, etc.,

SUTHERLAND,
Chancellor

The Primrose League, 64 Victoria Street,
S.W.1

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY

SIR,—The Rugby game deserves something more critical than the talk about "records" which occupies the Press. England ends the international season in

the third place with Scotland and Ireland above her. There is nothing to groan over about this result, which is all for the good of the game, and which partly depends on a brilliant player moving, say, elsewhere to live, while another who was generally a certain scorer loses his form. More English schools are now taking up Rugby, and there should be a good supply of young players in the future. In this game above all *Anno Domini* tells, and ample experience will not atone for the slowing down of vigour and speed. The play has quickened up wonderfully of late years. Forwards are now expected to break up very quickly, and act as potential three-quarters, as Voyce has happily done more than once. A rush of feet carries the ball as irresistibly as a wonderful running three-quarter. The English forwards have been good, but bettered in an exceptional year.

The English backs have been intermittently effective, but have lacked sound combination, partly, perhaps, through changes due to ill health or loss of form. There has been no match-winning man to carry the side to victory. No English full-back has been up to international form, a serious flaw in the team, since other countries have been well served in this regard. The Scottish full-back has been superb. The best three-quarter has been Stevenson of Ireland, who adds to brilliant opportunism a singular talent for goal-kicking. That of late years England has lacked. I wonder whether the selectors pay enough attention to talent outside the London teams and the 'Varsities. The players of the South West are always worth looking at. A pleasing feature of the Scottish match was the small intervention required from the referee. Earlier in the season there were unpleasant incidents and complaints which ought not to sully a clean game like Rugby. It stands, and should stand, well above the tricks and temper of the paid purveyors of Association.

I am, etc.,

"RUGBEIAN"

"THE THEOLOGY OF ANCIENT EGYPT"

SIR,—In view of the interesting illustration of an Egyptian stele erected by Amenhotep III in *The Times*, I think possibly that the following description may prove of interest to your readers.

In the Egyptian system of Theology, man was supposed to comprise three distinct parts: The Body; The Ka, or shadowy self; The Sahu, or Soul. The soul was looked upon as a subtle essence, which on death went to be judged by Osiris and his council of forty-two, and either to be rewarded for its merits by residing in heaven, or to be punished for its transgressions by dwelling in torment. It was supposed that the soul retained its connexion with its former body so as to be able to visit it.

The Ka also retained a connexion with the body; it was able to live in it and only emerged to drink or eat, or to repeat the acts of its former life. The Ka could not exist without the physical basis of its old body or some likeness of it. The Egyptians thought that the Ka could emerge from its mummy, live in its own shadowy house, feed upon shadowy food, and be surrounded by shadowy geese, fowls, oxen and other shadowy semulacra, which had been among its former possessions.

The greatest care was taken to supply a proper tomb and to preserve the mummy. If, however, a decay of the mummy set in, they provided a painted likeness of the original. This was done for the purpose of supplying a physical basis for the Ka, and also to act as a receptacle for the occasional visits of the soul. If the physical basis persisted, the Ka, together with the soul, was left without a place of abode, and either ceased to exist or was left to wander through the world of shadows bereft of a name or a local habitation.

The soul upon arriving at the Hall of Justice pleaded its cause before the supreme judge, Osiris, and the council of forty-two, making use of a prayer which was enunciated in the Great Ritual, or Book of the Dead. This extraordinary work was made up of hymns, magical formulæ against the opposing forces of evil, and prayers, besides many other things. Before reaching the Hall of Justice the soul passed through the gates of Amenthes, the region of darkness, and at this stage of its progression it was obliged to undergo many trials.

After reaching the Hall of Justice, the heart was placed in one of the pans of the scales which were held by the Goddess of Truth. The court was present. Horus was at his post for the purpose of conducting the weighing. Anubis, the watcher, was also there. Shoth entered the records and Osiris, the supreme judge, pronounced sentence. He was aided in doing so by his council of forty-two. If the heart did not reach the expected weight it was condemned to the regions of darkness, being obliged to take up its abode in the body of one of the lower animals, but afterwards it was permitted to return to the dignity of a human body and start life afresh. If, however, on the second trial its weight proved to be satisfactory, its soul passed onwards to a condition of perfect happiness.

I am, etc.,

HENRY G. NASH, B.A.

29 Gwendwr Road, West Kensington, W.14

LITERARY COMPETITION

SIR,—While greatly entertained by your Literary (and Historical?) Competitions, I must protest against your approval of the phrase "sole surviving wife" as applied to Queen Katherine Parr. The Princess of Cleves lived heartily and happily for ten years after Henry's death; she ranked as his sister after the divorce, had several houses in England, was always on excellent terms with him and both her successors, and was the favourite stepmother of his two daughters. At Mary's coronation, she and Elizabeth rode together in a magnificent chariot next after the Queen. Katherine Parr died in 1548, and Anne of Cleves not until 1557.

I am, etc.,

BLANCHE C. HARDY.

16 Moscow Court, W.2

[We greatly appreciate our correspondent's concern for accuracy even in this department of the SATURDAY. But the competitor's phrase was "sole surviving queen," not "wife." A paper which had Freeman and Froude among its early contributors has obligations in these matters, but acceptance of "sole surviving queen" is hardly a failure to live up to them.—ED. S.R.]

FORTHCOMING PLAYS

KINGSWAY THEATRE. 'The Marvellous History of St. Bernard.' Translated from the French of Henri Gheon by Barry V. Jackson. On Wednesday, April 7, at 8.15.

LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH. 'Riverside Nights.' By A. P. Herbert and Nigel Playfair. Music by Frederic Austin and Alfred Reynolds. On Saturday, April 10, at 8.

GLOBE THEATRE. 'By-Ways.' By H. C. M. Hardinge. On Tuesday, April 6, at 8.

PLAYHOUSE. 'All the King's Horses.' On Monday, April 5, at 8.30. Transferred from the Globe Theatre.

ADELPHI THEATRE. 'Wildflower.' Transferred from the Shaftesbury Theatre.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—7

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best non-sequitur. A typical example of the non-sequitur is the story of the woman who, after visiting a certain town in the Midlands, confided to a friend, "I don't wonder they call it Stony Stratford—I was never so bitten with fleas in my life." This may well serve as a model. Here we feel we are on the track of a clue that yet eludes us. The sequel should bear some relationship, however tenuous, to the statement immediately preceding it. Competitors must limit themselves to 50 words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea to the first two competitors who can supply the names of the authors and sources of the following quotations:

1. Happiness was not made to be boasted, but enjoyed.
2. Chastisement is intended for instruction, and instruction being received by gentle chastisement, greater calamities are prevented.
3. There is no coming back, young ladies, on the impetuous stream of life.
4. Were faith not voluntary, it could not be praised, and would not be rewarded.
5. Quiet thoughts that flash like azure kingfishers Across the luminous tranquil mirror of the mind.
6. Vertue generally, in all sorts of subjects, is somewhat that is valued for eminence: and consisteth in comparison.
7. Au jardin, les fleurs jaunes et les fleurs blanches sont les premières qui reçoivent leur coloris.
8. No man is fervent and zealous as he ought, but he that prefers religion before business, charity before his own ease, the relief of his brother before money, heaven before secular regards, and God before his friend or interest.
9. In elective monarchies, the vacancy of the throne is a moment big with danger and mischief.
10. We live a very little time. Before we have reached the middle of our time perhaps, but not long before, we discover the magnitude of our inheritance.

RULES

The following rules must be observed by all competitors:

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 7A, or LITERARY 7B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by the competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, April 12, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. The Editor very much regrets that neither he nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION 5

(March 20, 1926)

SET BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best essay on Wireless, in not more than 500 words, in the manner of one of the following writers: Sir Thomas Browne, Addison, Dr. Johnson, Lamb, Hazlitt.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best four-line epigram "To a Girl Recently Shingled."

We have received the following report from Mr. J. B. Priestley, with which we concur, and we therefore have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendation.

REPORT FROM MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY

5A. The entries for the Essay Competition were very surprising. Of the authors to be imitated, Johnson and Addison would seem to be the least difficult, and I anticipated a big batch of ponderously worded and antithetical dissertations on Wireless and not a few accounts of Sir Roger listening in. Actually, the Johnson, Addison, and Hazlitt imitations could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Lamb was a greater favourite, but the greatest of all was no less than Sir Thomas Browne, who claimed fully two-thirds of the entries. The essays as a whole, and particularly the Browne Essays, were on a surprisingly high level, though many of the competitors made a too free use of actual quotations or of close verbal parody, always the least interesting form of parody. It was not easy to judge between the half-dozen best imitations of Browne, but that by "Almoni Peloni" is the closest in both manner and spirit and so gains first place.

The second prize goes to "Canterbury," whose pastiche of Lamb, unlike its fellow in the butchers' shops, is somewhat overflavoured, and is, perhaps, not so successful as some of the Browne imitations; but it takes precedence by reason of its choice of author.

Honourable mention and congratulations go to Mr. C. G. Box; Mr. H. A. W. Owen; Miss Ruth Crook; Mr. P. R. Laird; and A. F. J.

THE WINNING ENTRY

This heading and the four clausulæ following on Wireless come within a Quincunx of five hundred words, but are set forth seriatim as for a Competition and not a Garden.

§1. That is a bold metaphor of the Psalmist, in *Cœli enarrant*, of the stars being sonant. Methinks something lurketh in the scholiasts' correction there, of *sonus* into *linea*. "Their line is gone out into all lands." Hebrew Poeticks require a following parallelism, yet we read "and their words unto the ends of the world." Did the Psalmist think of the lines of his harp strings, which when he plucked therat sent forth songs without words? Thus might he think of the Almighty as causing the planets, in those courses the lines whereof are invisible to us, to give forth majestic harmonies resounding through vibrant space in songs that are speeches. Pythagoras his conceit of the spheres' music cometh at times to mind when unto Norwich the Wireless doth bring strains of melody produced far hence, even beyond the Atlantic—unless it be that syncopeated mode beloved of aborigines but alien from thoughts sublime.

§2. I confess I use not oft head-phone or loud-speaker. *Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*, & I choose a book. When with my family or friends I listen in unto them, whom to see is to hear the better

& enjoy the more; for eye helpeth ear, & propinquity both. The Wireless is a sortilege. You shall listen to some notable man whom yet it were better to read in the journals, or to some spermologos whose words are little worth: "Look not for whales in the Euxine sea." The French *sans fil* hath subtle ambiguity. I had as lieve be verilie wire-lesse and without a *filum* if it be *filum crassum*.

§3. Thus I seldom need a Stoick indifference to those aerial oscillations which may oft perturb our audition. Yet I rejoiced to hear, three days ago, that Sir Oliver Lodge hath found a means to counteract the same. For Wireless is a wondrous triumph of scientifick percipience applied to practical ends. And as I like not its misuse as a mere *colifichet* so delight I in its worthy employ. Such I conceive to be the exigences of warfare, sea-faring, & communication of great tidings. A fabled Puck girdleth earth in twenty minutes, but Wireless surpasseth Robin Goodfellow.

§4. This annihilation of distance is what I do most admire & can least comprehend beyond those laws which Wireless doth in obeying control. For mysteries of time & space draw the mind to Metaphysics, yea to Divinitie. *Notum a sæculo est Damino opus sum*, yet *sæcula sæculorum* may not suffice for man to know that work in all its plenitude & particularities. I can but seek to enjoy wisely the usufruct of Divine handiwork & thereby be drawn to contemplation. "I love to lose myself in a mystery"—such as that which Wireless presenteth to any considering mind, and so "pursue my reason to an O Altitudo!"

"ALMONI PELONI"

SECOND PRIZE

I lately went to drink tea in the hospitable home of my near neighbour R. I looked forward to much good talk, mild disputations, that hearty give-and-take which is the quintessential element of an assembly of friends. Lights shone. The windows were ablaze. But within—oh! the heavy change! Funereal silence reigned. Cimmeric gloom. My host approached with air abstracted, a wordless welcome in his face. None else stirred. None off-capped to me. Every head was mail-clad in a headpiece covering ears and crown. Each sat alone—an anchorite—a little world apart—Carthusian votaries—tongueless mutes—

A party in a parlour,
All silent and all Damned!

I do agnize that in matters of science I lag far behind my fellows. With old Burton, "I leave the contemplation of these things to stronger wits." The bold inquirers who pluck their mysteries from the stars, harness the winds, and "charm the air to give a sound," I admire, holding respectfully aloof; but to have one expound to me "the cause of this effect," is irksomeness itself. I have no ambition to follow the glib fore-shadowings of the "wonders of wireless," the future of flight. I leave these prophecies to Merlin: I live before his time.

Nathless, willy-nilly, I must needs enhood myself, must strive to attain to, or to ape, the rapt absorption of the rest.

Immediately, "I was all ear," widowed of sight, feeling and speech. "Where should this music be?" For myself, I cannot separate the performance from the performer. When N. plays, I follow his raptures, I soar with him heavenwards, my muddy vesture of decay is doffed, I catch the music of the spheres. But music in the abstract, "bred of an æry sound," fails to touch my soul. I miss the master of the spell.

Later, a voice—bodiless—a fantasy—recited in my ear. But while reading is as the breath of life, to be read to is penance. You need the handling of the book.

News was flung at you—a deal of skimble-skamble stuff—sport—politics—weather—rain at Bangor, wind blowing to a gale off the Azores. Still worse, at intervals—the Time, forsooth! As if three times in a night you longed to be reminded of the flight of Time! Banish the death's-head! Out of sight with him, scythe and all! Let me forget how short my time, and cherish the dwindling remnant of my poor days as though they stretched to eternity.

As we made our adieux—"I could sit listening all day," quoth one; another prophesied there would be now no need to read: "books are absolutely on the shelf." Sacrilegious varlet! Not for him the losing of oneself in other men's minds, those spiritual repasts that do most arid and solace me, the world shut out. "You are in Paradise the while."

My having in wireless I cast to those indiscriminating prodigals, who cannot tell the true ambrosia from the husks.

"CANTERBURY"

5B. The shingled girl brought in quatrains, satirical, regretful, admiring, from all over the place, and an unusually large number of the epigrams were worthy of a better destination than the office waste-paper basket. This has resulted in an additional prize being awarded. The treatment of the subject revealed—what I had always suspected—the fact that it is difficult to be neutral in this question of shingling. Nearly all the competitors were either enthusiastically for, or bitterly against. Samson and Delilah were always turning up; so was “Beauty draws me by a shingled hair.” Nor could I count the number of “Ichabods” I have met among these epigrams.

The first prize goes to “Sussex” for a really admirable quatrain in which poetry and wit are admirably blended, and there is no doubt as to “the sting in the tail.” Both “Daedalus” and T. J. W., who each receive second prizes, sent in more than one—indeed, a good many competitors found the theme very fruitful—but their winning epigrams are neater and wittier than the rest.

Honourable mention, accompanied by regrets that no more prizes are available, go to B. G., “Nelson,” Mr. P. R. Laird, and “Pendip.”

THE WINNING EPIGRAM

Ilion is safe, and Agamemnon's fleet
Lies beached. Achilles yawns upon his bed,
Paris is dreaming at Ænone's feet,
Helen is shingled; and the epic's dead.
“SUSSEX”

SECOND PRIZES

THE CAVALIER'S LAMENT

O mistress mine, how many a sonnet
I wrote upon thy glorious tresses!
And now, forsooth—a plague upon it!
A Roundhead maid my heart possesses.
“DAEDALUS.”

Obsessed by visions of those shears abhor'd,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad:
O happy Omen! as the shore I paced,
Fresh rippling waves o'erran the shingled waste.
T. J. W.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Dian and Prue ran neck and neck. Their master,
Watching the race, was bored, till Dian said:
“Without my hair I'd be a little faster”—
And won by a short head.
B. G.

Will “Canterbury” send his address so that a cheque may be forwarded to him?

Competitors will save themselves and us trouble if they will enclose their addresses (not for publication) with their entries.

With great reluctance we have been obliged to disqualify several competitors whose communications reached us too late for consideration. We have also to lament the failure of a good many competitors to mark their envelopes as required by the Rules. A paper like the SATURDAY REVIEW receives a mass of correspondence, intended for very different departments, and much inconvenience and delay is caused by neglect to comply with our requirements as stated in the Rules. The organisation of these competitions makes quite considerable demands on a busy staff, and we shall be grateful if in this and other respects our readers will lighten our labours.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

THE ‘English Men of Letters’ series is being continued, in a format less attractive than that of the original volumes, under the editorship of Mr. Squire. Volumes on Meredith, by Mr. Priestley, on Herman Melville, by Mr. Freeman, and on Walt Whitman, by Mr. John Bailey, are to come; the volume on Swinburne (Macmillan, 5s. net), by Mr. Harold Nicolson, is before us.

On the award of the Hawthornden Prize to Mr. Sean O’Casey follows the publication of his play, ‘The Plough and the Stars’ (Macmillan, 5s. net).

All Mr. Maurice Baring’s stories for children have now been gathered into ‘The Glass Mender’ (Heinemann, 8s. 6d. net), the latest volume in the handsome collected edition of his writings. Mr. Baring is a delight and a despair. He can do so very many things so very well, but we are still waiting for the definite achievement. It is because his less ambitious works do not excite expectation, to leave it half cheated, that we prefer them to his more elaborate efforts.

‘The Book of American Negro Spirituals’ (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d. net) consists of some sixty of the finest of those songs, edited, with a lengthy and very enthusiastic introduction, by Mr. James Johnson, Mr. J. R. Johnson being responsible for the musical arrangements. Very curious and suggestive are the analogies between some of the “spirituals” and certain purely African songs cited by the editor.

‘A Chapter in the Early Life of Shakespeare’ (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. net) is an attempt by the Master of Jesus College to prove that Shakespeare spent a portion of his early life as page at Polesworth Hall, the residence of Sir Henry Goodere. We must not here discuss whether a satisfactory case has been made out; but the endeavour is extremely interesting, for Polesworth was the resort of many distinguished writers of the period, and a sojourn there would have had great effect on the youthful Shakespeare’s mental development.

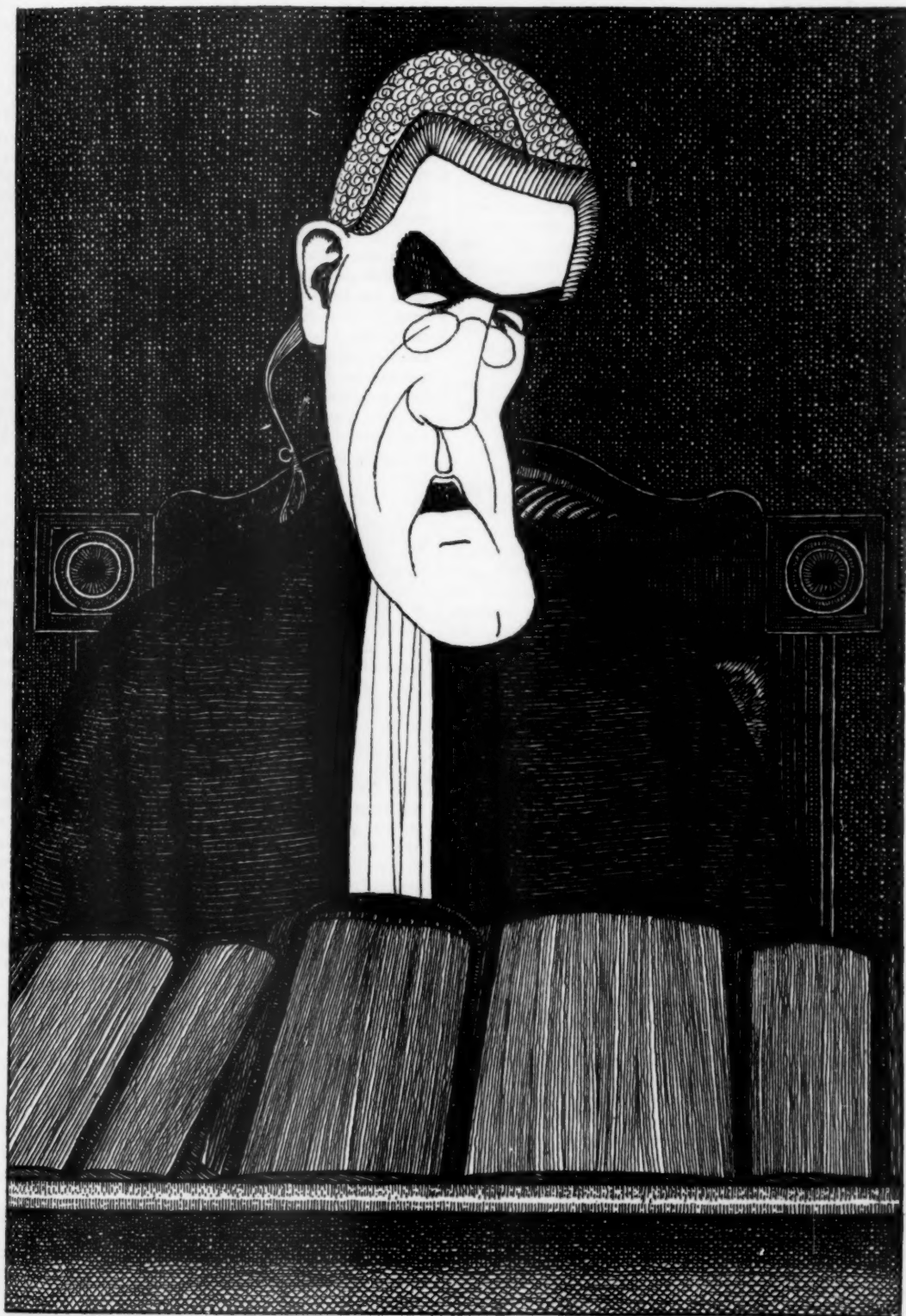
‘Critical Woodcuts’ (Scribners, 10s. 6d. net), by Mr. Stuart Sherman, deals, sometimes with serious critical purpose, with various contemporary American authors and with Boswell, Sterne, Anatole France. There are numerous portraits, engraved on wood, by Mr. Bertrand Zadig.

The series of monographs on Eastern Art edited by Mr. Arthur Waley now includes a volume on ‘Byzantine Art’ (Benn, 21s. net), by Mr. Hayford Peirce and Mr. Royall Tyler. It takes the form of a hundred excellent plates in collotype, with some prefatory matter and descriptive and critical notes.

With this we may mention Dr. Percy Gardner’s important ‘New Chapters in Greek Art’ (Milford, Oxford University Press, 21s. net), which contains a survey of half a century’s progress in classical archaeology, besides many special studies.

The twentieth volume of the fine Shrewsbury edition of the works of Samuel Butler gives us his piquant ‘Note Books’ (Cape). Where Butler will eventually stand is uncertain, but we are disposed to think that his will be a rather lower position than is now, in reparation for long neglect, assigned him.

‘Woodrow Wilson’ (Benn, 21s. net), by Mr. William Allen White, has the approval of Colonel House; but has not enough been written of Wilson?



Dramatis Personæ. No. 197.

By 'Quix'

THE RIGHT HON. LORD HANWORTH OF HANWORTH, K.B.E.

MASTER OF THE ROLLS

A NUMBER OF THINGS

THE new postal "cash on delivery" system has not jumped into success. We are a conservative people; there is some suspicion that with the money handed over before the goods ordered had been examined there would be small chance of redress if they proved unsatisfactory. Reputable firms, however, do not take risks of annoying customers by repudiating liability. No doubt the big stores will be the first to benefit by the C.O.D. plan; but, indirectly, the provincial and smaller traders will be stimulated to provide better and more varied goods lest their customers should trade with the bigger firms by post. We shall have to travel some distance before we have the C.O.D. plan on as extensive a scale as in the United States. For instance, I have left my laundry at a St. Louis hotel and given a forwarding address to a Chicago hotel. Some days later I found the laundry in my Chicago bedroom, with all charges paid on the C.O.D. plan and the sum attached to my bill. We do not do things so easily in England.

Some recent judicial remarks, in a case in which the victim of a reckless motorist could obtain no tangible compensation because the offender was impecunious and uninsured, deserve general attention. I entirely agree with the opinion that every one who motors, and thereby becomes potentially a manslayer, should be obliged to insure against claims on him for injuries he may inflict on pedestrians or motorists. It is quite preposterous that you or I, after being maimed by some wild or incompetent creature in a car, should find that the damages awarded by a court of law cannot be extracted from him. Insurance against the risk of such claims should be an indispensable condition of liberty to drive a car or motor bicycle, and motorists should be very ready to acquiesce in a measure which would take away the reproach now levelled against some of their number.

The stately homes of England terrific yet shall burn, in accordance with the prophecy uttered as to one half by Mrs. Hemans and the other by Campbell. More than a dozen have been burned in about as many weeks. We are assured that faulty, old-fashioned wiring for electric light is the explanation of most of these disasters. For myself I find that explanation inadequate. The conditions to which the outbreaks of fire are ascribed have long existed, without producing anything like this series of conflagrations. I am not of those who discover the enemies of social order at work in every accident and Communists crouching behind every bush, but I do suggest that an official inquiry into these fires, almost all in a particular class of country residence, is desirable. The houses menaced, whether by accident or evil design, belong not only to their owners but to the nation; their protection is a national concern.

One or two of our learned judges appear anxious to maintain the cap-and-bells tradition of Lord Darling. He was a sound judge, but flippancies with apt quotations, even though they move the junior Bar to appreciation—there are never any threats to clear the court when the "loud laughter" is the result of a judge's witticism—are not always fitting. It is good that the dreariness of the law courts should be relieved by counsel and even by lively witnesses; but now and then a learned judge, inured to the atmosphere of law, does not appreciate exactly what a life-and-death matter it may be to one or other of the litigants, in honour, maybe, as well as in pocket and person. It

has sometimes looked as if one or two of our judges attempted cleverness more with the object of getting reported in the Press than to promote the business of the Court. We can have too much of the judicial humorist.

Londoners, the most amiable people in the world, are rather enjoying the motor circuses. But when the police are so anxious to improve conditions, why do they insist on so many taxi-ranks being on the right-hand side of the road, which drivers admit is dangerous? The best example is the rank on the east of Trafalgar Square. In no possible circumstances is the position right. The driver is on the far side of the car; if he has to go east, south, or west he has to pull over among the oncoming traffic, and is in a bad place to see; while if he has to go north he has to turn round into the traffic. If taxi-ranks, when not in the centre of the street, were always on the left, the driver would be on the correct side to go ahead, and if he had to turn he would be able to get a good view of approaching traffic. The present position of many taxi-ranks is absurd, but the drivers can only plead "Police regulations, sir!"

In the clubs I find a growing belief that the reason Mr. Churchill is wearing a sort of seraphic smile—though Chancellors of the Exchequer are supposed to have solemn countenances while incubating a Budget—is because, though there is to be no increase of the income-tax, he intends to startle us with a few novelties in the way of luxury taxes. Jaunty-minded speculators on what is in store for us see in the decision of Mr. Churchill to get rid of his polo ponies evidence that he intends to make a big bid for popularity by adopting luxury taxes; and, as polo-playing is regarded as a class luxury, it is marked down for special honours. Whether polo-playing will or will not be called upon to contribute to the national exchequer, I do not find, even among those who will be hit, any objection to the tax as such. More money has to be got from somewhere, and it is felt luxuries are more capable of bearing some of the strain than the salaries of professional men. Of course, as the provision of luxuries gives employment, we shall hear that taxation of them will do as much harm as good, and that what may accrue in taxation will be lost in employment. And what are luxuries? It will be difficult to draw the line between them and necessities. The highly perfumed bath salts used by the comedy star would be a luxury for the humble housewife, but may be a necessity for her. If Mr. Churchill goes forward with such schemes of taxation the Budget debates at Westminster will be sprightly.

I was shocked recently to learn that Thackeray's house in Kensington, where he lived so long and where he wrote 'Vanity Fair,' was likely to be pulled down in order to provide room for a garage attached to one of the huge emporiums which monopolize Kensington High Street. Some Thackeray-lovers started a movement to buy the house and turn it into a museum or a literary club; but little money was forthcoming and the project was dropped. The directors of the big stores, however, have no intention of becoming the butt of indignant protests at another landmark being swept away. The house will be preserved and, very likely, will form part of the library which the firm in question intends to enlarge. So the genial, middle-aged gentlemen who form the Titmarsh Club, dine at intervals and refresh the glory of their master, may keep their tempers in befitting mid-Victorian calm.

TALLYMAN

REVIEWS

THE OLD SQUIRE

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Squire Osbaldeston: His Autobiography. Edited, with commentary, by E. D. Cuming. The Bodley Head. 42s. net.

BEFORE going further, I intend to protest, and that in no vague terms, against the manner in which this important book has been produced. Sporting prints are all very well in their way, but, even if it were necessary to their proper reproduction, as indeed it is not, to make such an unwieldy and all but unreadable volume, then in the first instance they should have been sacrificed. It is of immense size and weight, impossible to hold on the knee with any comfort. The length of the line, a good half inch beyond any reasonable limit, makes the task of reading an increasing weariness to the eyes. The whole is, in short, a thoroughly pretentious and ill-advised piece of book-production and does no credit to publishers who have shown on several occasions that they really know better.

The text of the reminiscences of Squire Osbaldeston (whose real name was Wickens) is here the thing. It is in the first place an immense find in itself. "The Old Squire" was long a legendary character, about whom something of a special literature was beginning to collect. He belonged to a peculiarly interesting period of British sport, and he excelled in so many different branches as to make a sort of cross-section of the time. Sir Theodore Cook attributes to him "the characteristics for which we should now have to blend Lord Lonsdale and Lord Desborough with Mr. E. B. Mitchell, and still have something left over." This need not be taken too seriously. Osbaldeston never took an unduly deprecatory view of his own exploits. While he lived he had critics who are not quoted here, and there is a tradition that while he was hunting the Quorn certain members of the field were accustomed to sing:

Hark to the horn
Of the very worst huntsman that ever was born!

which may go some way towards accounting for his innumerable quarrels in the hunting-field and the occasions when, by way of keeping discipline, he felt obliged to stop hounds. Even supposing Sir Theodore's estimate to be just, there are certain elements in the "something left over" which Lords Lonsdale and Desborough and Mr. E. B. Mitchell would probably prefer to be without. One revelatory incident is recorded somewhat cloudily in these pages and commented on more lucidly by Mr. Cuming. Lord George Bentinck refused to pay a bet he had made with the Squire on a horse which the Squire was riding, called him a damned robber and refused at first to accept a challenge from him on the ground that he "had lost all claim to the character of a gentleman, and was therefore beneath his notice." Now Osbaldeston, though neither an adroit nor a polished writer, is as a rule straightforward and easy to understand. It is therefore a suspicious circumstance that here the reader finds great difficulty in discerning the particulars of Lord George's accusation. He concludes eventually that the Squire pulled a horse one day so as to be able to get a better price about it the next, and in this he is unequivocally supported by Mr. Cuming. Osbaldeston's confused, contradictory and obviously mendacious account of the duel which followed only puts a more disagreeable complexion on the affair. The fact that he conceived himself to be playing a trick on tricksters does not excuse him, and Lord George might well be revolted to find his heroic efforts for the purity of the turf thus betrayed by a prominent sportsman.

But, whatever his character, and though he may have taken rather too enthusiastic a view of his own

prowess, yet, with all possible deductions made, the old Squire was an extraordinary performer. Unlike so many who excel at field sports, he was also remarkable in athletic exercises, a fine oar and a formidable man with his fists, in spite of his low stature. The fact that when a cricket match was being arranged between Prince's Plain and the M.C.C., the former side stipulated that he should not play against them speaks for itself. As for his riding, whether in races or to hounds, and his shooting it is impossible to choose among many scores of authenticated exploits. Let us add to this that, with all his naïvety and lack of education, he is a direct and simple writer whose style has a tang worthy of his material. This autobiography (somewhat ravaged but not irreparably damaged by rats and mice) deserves to become a minor classic, and no doubt will do so if it is reprinted in a form which allows it to be read with even moderate ease. It presents a picture of a certain sort of English life which is almost unsurpassed anywhere for raciness and verisimilitude and is striking in its lack of self-consciousness. Take this, for example, on "a young woman named Green," supposed to be a natural daughter of the Monson family:

She was very good-looking, and though a member of the frail sisterhood was not at all common. She had had two daughters by different gentlemen before I became acquainted with her, and was very anxious to have a boy. I told her, jokingly, she was certain to have one by me, and so it proved. He is still alive: sent abroad at the pressing solicitations of some influential friends of mine, he has done well in the world, is married and has a family.

As I do not consider my relations with this lady an intrigue, she being probably well known as the mother of two children by different fathers in the neighbourhood, there is nothing dishonourable in my mentioning her name.

There you have one side of the life of the time in a nutshell: it must be remembered that these reminiscences were written to please "a dear and faithful wife."

Another wonderfully characteristic thing is the Squire's indifference to contemporary history. "Napoleon" appears as the name of a horse, but in fact he had forgotten the name and the lacuna is supplied by his editor. "Waterloo" is also the name of a horse, but the battle itself appears because of meeting at a shooting party a gentleman who was lame from being wounded there. I have not been able to trace Wellington, Nelson, or Trafalgar, though it is possible that the Squire had horses named after all three. Neither the Reform Bill (on which he must surely have had views) nor yet the Crimean War figures here, but he was interested to see O'Connell at Queen Victoria's funeral and thought him rather vulgar looking. In this aloofness from public affairs he somewhat resembles his otherwise dissimilar contemporary, Jane Austen. It should be added that never in his life did he set foot on the Continent, never even seemed to think of it. Take him for all in all, what has previously recommended him to the imagination is that what he was he was with heart and soul—brave, a gambler with his life and his money, of great endurance, quarrelsome (in spite of Sir Theodore Cook's commendations of his good temper) and something of the justified braggart. Now we know that he had the untutored skill to make these qualities appear on paper, and I only wish it had been made easier for us to appreciate them.

TROTSKY'S ENGLAND

Where is Britain Going? By Leon Trotsky. Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.

THE title of this volume is misleading: one imagines that Trotsky is going to present us with one of those jeremiads on the future of Britain such as our own publicists produce from time to time for our entertainment. It would be a novel sight in international polemics to find Dean Inge, Sir Philip Gibbs and

Trotsky all in agreement on one theme, and that the decay of Britain. But only one brief chapter does Trotsky devote to Britain's decline—possibly the theme was too conventional for the Communist controversialist—the rest of the volume is devoted to a splenetic picture of our political life.

Trotsky has studied our politics and our political peccadilloes in amazing detail; not even the gossip writers of our popular dailies could possibly have a more intimate knowledge of all that really matters. It is not merely that he has followed the speeches of our party leaders in the *Times* and the *Herald*, but he knows about the necklace lost by the wife of an ex-Prime Minister, and the inconvenient gift made by a capitalist to a leader of Labour. And how he hates us all! The vitriolic virulence of his contemptuous criticism introduces an element which has been absent from our political controversy for generations. Here is the Communistic Houyhnhnm arraigning the British Yahoos. He marshals our political personalities before some Tcheka of his mind, and passes on them his sentence of abuse. Our Labour leaders he despises most of all: "Thomas this absolutely unprecedented lackey" and the writers for the *Herald* with their "habitually insipid, habitually stupid, habitually lackey-like tone"; Wheatley is a Catholic, which is in itself a sufficient condemnation; "the worthy Webbs" he regards with pathos as they flounder with "their poor, miserable, silly Fabianism, ignominious in its intellectual difficulties." The acme of his contempt is reserved for Mrs. Snowden, but his judgments on her are unquotable. One is set wondering whether Trotsky himself wrote this volume, for whatever may be one's judgment on its sentiments, the English style is an example of quite remarkable racy invective. Possibly it is Trotsky's own work; if it is not, the translator who has achieved such a brilliant success should not be allowed to escape in anonymity.

Despite all his observation of incident Trotsky has failed absolutely to understand even our British electoral system, or the growth and motives of our political parties. Mr. Brailsford, in an apologetic preface, remarks that the Fabian Society is confused with the Independent Labour Party, but that such slips are of no importance. One would imagine from this volume that the Fabian Society controlled the Empire, and that once it could be substituted for a revolutionary group the proletariat state in Britain would be a certainty. This misconception of the mechanism of our institutions is perhaps less important than the failure to realize the governing principles behind English life. Trotsky attacks Sidney Webb for reminding the Labour Party in 1923 that the founder of British Socialism was not Karl Marx but Robert Owen. Yet this is a statement of fact, and one which might well have given Trotsky cause for meditation. Socialistic movements in England have normally been associated with democratic and idealistic theory rather than with a conception of proletariat dictatorship. They have usually been not unallied to ethical principles, nor antipathetic to religious thought. Trotsky's taunt at the present Premier—"Christian Baldwin"—misses fire completely, for the Socialistic opponents of capital in England have never learnt that deep-rooted hatred of Christianity such as pervades the whole of this volume. One feels that an oriental is interpreting a western nation which he has observed but never understood.

While confessing that political prophecy is a dubious trade, Trotsky is prepared to outline our future. Either we shall continue as a capitalistic State and fight America, or our constitutional Socialists will be replaced by a group of proletarian revolutionaries who will seize the State and introduce a really working-class programme. Their first move will include the abolition of the monarchy, the dissolution of the Empire, and, one imagines, State atheism. Above all Trotsky is on the look out for a proletarian Cromwell—his only English hero—who will grape-shot capitalists

and reformists into silence. One is left wondering why Trotsky should wish to see revolution blossom in England of all countries. At the end of his volume he allows us a clear glimpse of his mind. "The nature of the British Empire," he writes, "will undoubtedly give this gigantic struggle an international scale. It will be one of the greatest dramas in the world's history. In this struggle the destiny of the British proletariat will be bound up with the fate of all humanity." Earlier he had suggested the same conclusion in a reflection that in Cromwell's time England was a small nation hardly numbering one and a half million families. "She entered the imperialist war of 1914 as an empire counting within her borders a fifth part of all humanity." He rejoices in the dream of a British proletarian coup, for to his mind it would be the end of all that Britain stands for in the world, and that is a disaster which he passionately desires. With England gone, reduced once more possibly to her million and a half families, the miasma of revolution can spread unhindered over the east and possibly threaten America. Such is the fate prepared for us in Trotsky's casting of the international future.

This volume is presumably addressed to Socialist circles in England: no volume, one imagines, could be more salutary or more likely to check those who may have been tempted towards Communism.

MODERN BRUISERS

The Sweet Science. By Trevor C. Wignall. Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.

ONE good excuse for the continuance of modern boxing is that Mr. Wignall writes about it: though it is a little doubtful whether boxing, at all events in its professional form, can justly be described as the *Sweet Science*. This phrase was first used (though Mr. Wignall does not say so) in some doggerel written a century ago in regard to bare-knuckle fighting:

Sweet Science of Bruising; how often has man,
Twice as strong as his fellow, presumed just to lark it;
But deceived in his brutal and hectoring plan,
Has lain, "wanting wind," in Fleet Ditch or Fleet Market.

Mr. Wignall first complains in general terms of the present state of boxing: "The majority of promoters—there are exceptions"—are there?—"think less of keeping the game clean than they do of grabbing profits"; and "Almost all the blame must be handed to the referees. . . There are only two in Great Britain that I would fight under if I were a pugilist." Later, he proceeds, drawing upon the diaries as well as the memories of many years, to show that his complaints are just. He has watched boxing in several countries, he has been knocked out by Harry Lewis, the American welter-weight, he has made friends of pugilists such as Jack Dempsey and Tom Gibbons, and exposes for his readers their modesty, generosity, and other virtues, concerning which newspaper "interviews," particularly those from the United States and Canada, are apt to be misleading. The sum total of this author's wide experience is much the same as others', whether of the P.R. or of modern boxing: the fighters themselves are good fellows; the "sporting" crowd, who boo and hiss an old champion in the hour of defeat, and the parasites, who batten on the successful pugilist, are not.

There is a characteristic story of Dempsey, who, after the sensational fight with Firpo, was told that his black eye would be painted out of the photograph. "Not on your life!" the champion said, "Let the guy have the credit." It is a small thing to put aside Hen Pearce's refusal to take advantage of Jem Belcher when he leaned helpless against the ropes, but for a modern champion who avowedly tried to copy the clothes worn by the Prince of Wales, and who has won 1,257,000 dollars for boxing 39 rounds in various contests, it is something.

5 April 1926

In his first chapter, writing of Ted "Kid" Lewis, Mr. Wignall tells the reader: "He was christened Gershon Mendeloff." This sounds a little odd. After reading this book you come with mixed feelings to the inevitable conclusion that there is a great number of gallant, but not really very humble, heroes engaged in a pastime which for a variety of reasons is unsavoury, but which calls forth and will continue to call forth a number of qualities still very desirable in the manhood of a race.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

The Memoirs of Susan Sibbald (1783-1812).
Edited by Francis Paget Hett. The Bodley Head. 18s. net.

ONE could well surmise that Jane Austen, the woman, did not lack sister spirits among her contemporaries. Here, in Susan Mein, is a happy discovery. A star danced, and under that was she born. As with Jane Austen, home influences of judiciously blended indulgence and strictness favoured her faculty. She is lively and unspoiled. Her native sense of fun is tempered by a sweet reasonableness. In Fowey and Devonport, Bath and London, delightfully she collects her people of comedy. She is innocently gay, and sedate when she remembers. The military and naval officers she knows so well talk of the war, "and we looked towards them as if we were interested." Hers is the humorous observation of the social scene. Moreover, this young lady of spirit is half the Scots-woman. She sketches with demure smiles the Border gentry, robust in individuality, very much themselves; and reproduces with perfect sympathy the peasant folk around, with their unconscious humour. This Wully Carruthers, the shepherd, and his wife Jean—where in smaller compass could you find the national poetry and piety and sense of duty better delineated? And her own admirers, Scotch or English, youthful or elderly, pass before us with their various foibles and eccentricities.

At length she meets her future husband, Colonel Sibbald. "When renewing his acquaintance with us, somehow or other, by his elegant manners, I was caught." That, and no more, will she tell us. Propriety, the fashion of the times, will have it so. The lively girl is also the girl of settled principle. Like Jane again, she is too nobly planned to be herself a figure of comedy. Indeed, she ends her memoirs with the early years of her marriage. Duty calls. Her husband, working his estates, is unsuccessful. She can face adverse circumstance. Eight of her well-trained sons come to hold commissions in the fighting services. A widow, she emigrates to Canada with the three youngest; and is known for her wit and capability at once and till she dies, over eighty. In the rebellion of 1837 she arms her household with pitchforks, and stoutly repels assault. In her old age she writes these memoirs at the request of a son. There are occasional patches of tediousness in them; detail is sometimes given as it were for the sake of detail. But the pages of vivacious, smiling recollection abound. There is a constant fragrance of girlhood about them. And one is left wondering a problem of to-day. Who should grudge women their larger freedom? But true freedom is voluntary limitation, beautiful moderation. And there is ever danger lest this open secret of the happy medium, as Mrs. Sibbald calls it, be ignored.

A VOICE FROM BEYOND

The Dark Hours: Five Scenes from a History.
By Don Marquis. Cape. 5s. net.

THIS play would be noteworthy if only for its thronging suggestiveness. Art and religion are closely connected. In the Middle Ages there was a

gradual transformation of the liturgical and sacerdotal drama into the lay and popular. With the progress of the vernacular, the enfranchisement of the communes, the rise of literary guilds, the stage shifted from within the church to the public square. There were no masterpieces. The poetry was in the crowd assembled rather than in the cycle of mysteries presented. Under the guise of Bible stories, contemporary life was mirrored. Naïve realism, all manner of triviality and buffoonery, held their course. The vigour of improvisation declined. The popular drama was attacked both by the scholars of the Renaissance and the adherents of the Reform. Public opinion demanded its abolition. It could linger at most in Spain. The Passion play of the Oberammergau community alone remained to interest the moderns and offer problems.

Mr. Don Marquis, writing in America, revives these. Can the Passion, he has asked himself, be set forth in practicable form for the current theatre? Whereupon one remembers how, in Oratorio, a Bach or an Elgar present a sacred figure using sacred words. One remembers how, a generation back, when the Germans were busily striving to win world-supremacy at least in drama, Paul Heyse, the novelist, achieved a victory over the censor and a success of scandal. In 'Mary of Magdala,' the protagonist is absent from the boards; is ever present in the speech of others. Mr. Don Marquis, altogether reverent, improves upon this quite admirably. 'A Voice from Beyond,' using phrases from the King James or the Douay versions, comes to us from amid the veiling crowd or the darkness. We have Annas and Caiaphas and Pilate demeaning themselves appropriately. The multitude surges to and fro, a polyphonic chorus. As drama requires foreshortening, we have incidents recalled or renewed rather than invented. There is occasion, indeed, for psychological insight where Peter, and still more where Judas, is concerned. The Peter is well observed; and the Judas should be compared with, and even preferred before, that exhibited at Oberammergau. As for an actual performance of these 'Five Scenes from a History,' one asks whether the aid of music should be summoned. Mr. John Masefield has lately been calling upon that of verse for a 'Good Friday' to be presented by Community Players. Or, again, does not the Gospel narrative suffice, with the private imagination? At all events, here is no matter for the commercial stage.

Use This Modern Lubrication Service

Fill up with branded Shell Oil—"Single," "Double" or "Triple"—from the handy Shell Pump-Cabinets at thousands of garages and service stations. It's quicker, cleaner cheaper.

You save 8d. on every purchase because you no longer pay for the cost of the can. And you get the same high-grade oil you have had from Shell cans—manufactured at Shell Haven, Essex, where distillation is carried on at low temperatures, preserving the "life" in the oil and thus giving it exceptional lubricating power.

Look for the Red Shell Oil Pump-Cabinet.

SHELL MOTOR OIL

AS SUPERIOR AS SHELL PETROL

NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

Thunder on the Left. By Christopher Morley.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

The Charwoman's Shadow. By Lord Dunsany.
Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.

The Hounds of Spring. By Sylvia Thompson.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

CAPACITY for fantasy is one of the rarer graces of the imagination. Mr. Christopher Morley has it; and such is our joy in welcoming this gift-horse that we are almost ashamed to look it in the mouth. Besides, our reluctance to examine it more curiously has a sounder foundation; fantasies are kittle cattle, and may resent inspection. Particularly is this true of Mr. Morley's Pegasus, a spirited enchanted steed, loth to stand still and be stared at, ready at any moment to be off out of sight into the aether. He will do his master's bidding, he obeys a friendly hand, but the reviewer, clownishly mounting him, may be quickly unseated or find that, by some sleight of hand, some feat of equine prestidigitation, he has been lured into "backing" the wrong horse.

Mr. Walpole's introduction, we may frankly confess, is a great help. His admirable appraisal of Mr. Morley's work in general contains more than one clue to the meaning, the superimposed meaning, of 'Thunder on the Left.' For above and beyond merely physical rumbles and reverberations, of which there are plenty, sound curious overtones which are far from easy to catch. Not that Mr. Morley is an obscure writer. He has the essayist's style; light, precise, lucid, often exquisite. And his subtlety, though it demands one's attention, is not the kind that rejoices to set the reader a series of conundrums. It obtains effects by economy, not by ingenuity of statement. Style and treatment, in fact, though light as gossamers, are spun by an earthly spider and float as readily in an earthly breeze as in a more fabulous air. Perhaps more readily; for we do not feel that Mr. Morley has been entirely successful in his attempt to juggle with Time and Space. If there had been less emphasis laid on eating! If the mortal action of the story had not been directed towards a picnic, with its lemonade and sandwiches! If the house had not been too small for the number of guests it was to hold, if the beds had not proved so collapsible, and the balustrade of the porch so rotten!—if the intractability of material things could somehow have been passed over, it would have been easier for the imagination to assimilate the mysterious Martin when he materialized upon the lawn and asked, child- but not spirit-like, for a piece of cake. The children's party with which the story opens is enchantingly done; and there is extraordinary deftness and smoothness in the means by which, as the tale proceeds, we realize that we are indeed playing the child's game, spying on the grown-ups, on those same children whom, as grown-ups, we had watched sitting round the birthday cake, shyly giving their presents. We are in futurity before we realize it; and we see the members of the children's party in their rather disappointing maturity through two lenses, the adult's and the child's. For Martin is a grown-up child, who still expects to speak when he is spoken to and be sent to bed when he is naughty; he is also (but should we have tumbled to it without Mr. Walpole's hint?) his host's fourth personality. For George is a complex creature, inspired publicity agent, affectionate father, agonized husband—and a *quantum quid*—miraculously incarnated in Martin. His wife has already fallen in love with Martin; he himself loves Joyce, who had, on the occasion of the birthday party, given him a symbolical mouse that betrayed its works and wouldn't run. His "higher" self belongs to

Joyce; hers to Martin, the shadowy projection of her husband. What an imbroglio!

'Thunder on the Left' is an enchanting book, but it is planned in the third dimension and admits the fourth as a stranger. George and his wife were at loggerheads in the old earthy manner, at times in the novelist's manner. They are presented so solidly that the symbolical illumination of their relationships never seems quite to catch them: it is like a glow-worm introduced on to the stage to reinforce the footlights. This is too violent and too uncomplimentary a figure justly to describe Mr. Morley's rare and original book; but the prosaic is too firmly outlined to admit the tentative encroachments of the super-normal. We have thrilling and unusual experiences from watching the various planes of reality shifting and trying to form themselves into a comprehensive pattern; but Mr. Morley never quite fuses them, as Hawthorne would have done, making them such near neighbours that to step from one to the other is like the passage between the dusk and the dark. 'Thunder on the Left' is an interesting experiment. "Life is a foreign language which everyone mispronounces," remarks Mr. Morley, in what is perhaps the best of his many good epigrams.

Lord Dunsany's fantasy is simpler and less ambitious, little more indeed than a fairy-story, told with a preciosity that scarcely ever grates on one, so peculiarly is it his own. He sets his scene in Spain, in the close of the Golden Age; Realism never lifts its head, for the book is outside Time, not in and out of it. The hero, to replenish his father's exchequer and provide a dowry for his sister, goes to school with a magician to whom his father had once done a kindness. The magician, little better than his kind, demands the young man's shadow as the price of initiation into certain mysteries, of which the transmutation of base metal into gold is, from the student's point of view, the most important. He exacts the forfeit, but he is much less good than his word; and his recipe for a love-potion which should recommend the hero's sister to a Duke, is a cruel practical joke; the Duke is violently sick and furiously angry. Thus the story goes its way, incident giving way rather than giving rise to incident; but the glamour of romance is there, and Lord Dunsany's imagination, though sometimes content with the well-trodden paths of fairy-land, has a direction of its own and an effortlessness which prefers the ordinary to the strained. He has an odd, almost child-like sense of humour, which is sometimes trivial and sometimes delightful, just as his style can achieve effects both of beauty and of silliness. But throughout the book there is a tenderness, a spontaneity and a kind of grave playfulness which make it restful and refreshing: it owes nothing to the modern manner, and though it is both "literary" and "Celtic" it has an individuality which never allows it to lose its identity in a school.

'The Hounds of Spring' is a moderately competent novel of pre-war, war-time, and post-war England. It is diffuse and contains much matter, especially in the dialogue, that could be well left out: and its plot, which entails the loss, by a very deserving if pompous and unimaginative soldier, of two wives, is decidedly artificial. But Miss Thompson, whatever scene she describes, or whatever character she portrays, never goes far wrong. Her novel gives the effect of having been written, as Browne says, "on one leg"; it deserved a firmer stance. She has a kind of indolent insight into the workings of many minds; but her penetration suffers from the carelessness of her presentation. The book is too informal: but it is full of promise. Miss Thompson is never taken in by her characters, her judgment is rarely at fault: but the want of intensity which so often accompanies wide sympathies and a central position makes her work less effective than it should be. Her art is less mature than her experience, but her experience is remarkable.

Norwich Union

Life Insurance Society

Head Office: NORWICH

DECLARED BONUS.

Reversionary Bonuses on **WHOLE LIFE** Full Profit Policies range from £2 6s. per annum at young ages to £4 10s. per annum at old ages for each £100 assured.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES, Bonuses

payable at Death or age 60, £2 3s. % p.a.

Death or age 65, £2 6s. % p.a.

Death or age 70, £2 10s. % p.a.

Interim Bonuses for 1926 at full rates.

"I have just come home from a tour in the Highlands of Scotland on my 14/45 Rover Saloon, and I feel I must congratulate you on the production of such a car."

So writes an owner of a 14/45 h.p. Rover Car (Ref. No. for verification, 3299). And you, too, would be just as pleased: will you not write now for full particulars of this famous car? Prices range from £550.

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED
61 NEW BOND ST., W.1, & COVENTRY

SHAVING is just a before-breakfast incident if you make use of the Gillette Blade. It has the finest shaving edge that steel will make. The finest of blade steel, a perfected process of manufacturing and a vigilant inspection system—all of these attest the exceptional value in the Gillette Blade. Used in a New Improved Gillette, it is indeed the ideal way to a perfect shave—quickly, safely, comfortably.



4/6 PER PACKET OF 10 (20 Shaving Edges) IN PACKETS OF 5 (10 Shaving Edges) 2/3

Sold by all Stores, Cutlers, Ironmongers, Hairdressers, Chemists, etc., throughout the Country

Gillette

SAFETY Gillette RAZOR

BLADES

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD.,
184/188 Great Portland Street, London, W.1



FOR WIRELESS
AND YOUR
CAR

Exide

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

The
Yachting Monthly

April issue now on sale.

Price 2s.

MOTORING

TAXATION

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

OWING, partly, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's suggestion that the funds collected from motor taxation should not all be ear-marked for expenditure on the roads, the question of alteration of the present system is receiving considerable attention in those journals which deal with the automobile industry. As the Budget will be presented to the House of Commons after the Easter Recess, advocates of the various schemes hope to persuade the Treasury to adopt their own particular formula, in place of the present horse-power tax for private motor cars, by weight for goods-carrying motors, and according to passenger-carrying capacity for hackney cabs and carriages, including omnibuses. Such organized efforts as exist at the present time are working for a tax on petrol and motor fuel in place of the present tax. Yet public opinion is by no means unanimous on the point because the present system possesses the merit of simplicity. The defects of the tax are its unfairness to the owners of the inefficient engine, owing to the fact that an old motor develops much less power for the same rating than that of the modern and latest types of private automobiles, and that the owners who only use their cars occasionally pay as much as those who drive every day of the year.

* * *

Supporters of the present motor taxation assert that with the more general use of cars the present horse-power tax is the right method; but that the charge should be lowered to fifteen shillings in place of one pound per rated horse-power. Further, that a reversion to the petrol tax would result in this country being flooded with low-priced American cars, with their large engines, to the detriment of the British motor manufacturer. The latter has developed the high efficiency small rated engine to give a high performance for a low tax, and small running costs. They also state that should a petrol tax be imposed it will be coupled with a vehicle tax, so that in the end more money than is paid now will be extracted from the pockets of individual motorists. A third school of critics suggest taxation on the basis of the weight of the vehicle for all types whether cars, omnibuses or lorries. This system is advanced because the weight—especially below the springs—plus the lateral oscillations, see-saw movement of the axle and the run axle in particular, are the chief destructive elements of the vehicle on the road.

* * *

As tax assessment affects design, this method of import will lead the automobile engineer to provide a more economical machine with better springing and road holding qualities. Taxation of cylinder bore has already encouraged the long stroke fast revolving engine. It is calculated that each horse-power of the engine requires about sixty or seventy litres of gas mixture per minute. The present tax on the diameter of the cylinder is cheated both by lengthening the stroke and increasing the revolutions per minute of the engine for the purpose of getting the desired volume of mixture burned in the cylinders each minute. If a tax is placed on cylinder capacity and not bore, the engine would have to be developed to turn faster to get the better of such a tax. This would possibly result in lighter but "squarer" engines being built, with the bore and stroke much about the same size. Thus taxation on any item of the engine dimensions essential to produce horse-power affects design. At present it is argued that this has created cars less suitable for countries without proper roads.

ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for Acrostic Competition are on occasion omitted. They will, however, always appear at least once a month.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 213

IN 'PICKWICK PAPERS' YOU WILL FIND THESE TWO,
WELL KNOWN TO ALL MEN, BUT BELOVED BY FEW.

1. Relieved of this, the storm-tossed ship is lightened.
2. Behead what timid Thisbe sorely frightened.
3. A publication with a lady in it.
4. Always on hand, and with you at this minute.
5. Curtail a member of the pastor's flock.
6. At mercy, as at justice, makes a mock.
7. Holds the traditions of an ancient race.
8. Forward to speak, though quite devoid of grace.
9. Addressed to many, not alone to one.
10. Felt sometimes when we fire off a gun.

Solution of Acrostic No. 211

T	empestuous	S
H	aw	K
U	niversit	Y
N	w	A
D	rove	R
E	nlistmen	T
R	ez	In ¹
S	peedwel	L ²
T	oadstoo	L
O	stensibl	E
R	eporte	R
M	umm	Y

¹ "The head of Syria is Damascus, and the head of Damascus is Rezin."—Is. vii, 8.
² Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire, The little speedwell's darling blue, Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew, Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

—In Memoriam, lxxxii.

ACROSTIC No. 211.—The winner is Major Drummond, Falcon Lodge, Putney, S.W.15, who has selected as his prize 'The Tragic Romance of Alexander II of Russia,' by Maurice Paléologue, published by Hutchinson, and reviewed in our columns on March 20. Twenty-two other competitors chose this book, 38 named 'Rambles in Old London,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Baitho, Baldersby, Beechworth, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Maud Crowther, Dinkie, Dodeka, Doric, East Sheen, Fra, Gay, Gladys P. Lamont, La, Lilian, Madge, Margaret, L. M. Maxwell, Met, Lady Mottram, G. W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Novocrete, Oakapple, St. Ives, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Trike, Twyford, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

Other results held over till next week.

CASH
ABROAD

By issuing Circular Notes the Westminster Bank enables its customers to carry money abroad in a convenient manner which unites the advantages of an international Bank Note with a minimum risk from theft. They are issued at £10 and £25 and are obtainable through any branch

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE: 41 LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.2

YACHT SALES & CHARTERS LTD.

YACHT BROKERS

FOR SALE

1,800-TON STEAM YACHT, recently reconditioned, with 1925 reclassification certificates. Very large accommodation. Economical consumption. Lying South Coast. Folio S.Y.81

1,500-TON STEAM YACHT. One of the most luxuriant vessels afloat. Twin screw triple expansion engines. Practically ready for sea, with full equipment. Folio S.Y.43

900-TON STEAM YACHT, built 1911, of steel. Triple expansion twin screw engines. Entirely redesigned after the war, refitted and finished. Speed about 14 knots. Moderate price for quick sale. Seen Solent. Folio S.Y.44

490-TON (about) STEAM YACHT. Built 1903, by Henderson, to the designs of G. L. Watson, of steel. Triple expansion engines. Speed 12 knots. 2 deckhouses, 3 saloons, 10 staterooms. Now being reconditioned, and one of the finest yachts of her size. Low figure for immediate sale. Seen Solent. Folio S.Y. 60.

333-TON STEAM YACHT. Built of steel in 1894 by well-known builders. Recently passed survey. Teak deck, accommodation for 8 and crew. Compound engines. Speed 10 knots on easy consumption. Immediate delivery. Seen Solent. Price £9,000. Folio S.Y.38.

71-TON STEAM YACHT, 77 ft. x 14 ft. Composite built. Deckhouse, saloon and 4 staterooms. Compound engines. Speed 10 knots. Price £3,500. Folio S.Y.26

115-TON MOTOR YACHT, 120 ft. x 14 ft. 6 ins. Built recently of teak. Twin Gleniffer engines. 3 saloons, 5 staterooms. Seen Solent. Price £8,000. Folio M1,275

53-TON MOBILE HOUSE YACHT. Comfortably fitted for party of 4 or 6, and crew. Large saloon, dining saloon, two staterooms, bathroom, nice deckhouse. 4 h.p. paraffin engine. Speed 7 knots approx. Electric light. Charter only. Seen Solent. Folio H5

40-FT. MOTOR CRUISER, 8 ft. 3 ins. beam, straight bow, canoe stern. Fitted Astle Studebaker engine. Self-starter and electric light. Saloon and fore-castle, etc. Excellent condition. Seen Dublin. Price £350. Folio M68

16-TON CUTTER, lying Helford, built 1902 by Bond, of teak. L.O.A. 47 ft., beam 10 ft. 5 ins., draught 6 ft. 6 ins. Sails and gear in good condition, almost new. One dinghy, 1 cabin, ex-saloon; headroom 6 ft.; 2 berths; lead ballast, about 2½ tons inside, 5½ tons on keel; electric light throughout; 20/24 h.p. Ailsa Craig engine with reverse gear fitted 1923. The vessel throughout is in perfect condition; a handy and well-behaved craft; can be sailed single-handed. Price £900 or near offer. Folio A5

8-TON KETCH, 28 ft. x 8 ft. 6 ins. x 5 ft. 6 in. draught, Carvel built, of pitch-pine. Straight bow, Loch Fyne stern. 1 saloon and fore-castle. In very sound condition. Well-known sea-boat. Price £150. Seen Solent. Folio S150

7-TON YAWL. Well found sea-boat. Equipped for cruising. 5 ft. 9 ins. headroom. Large accommodation. 2 bunks, cot in fore-castle. Dinghy. Complete £168. Seen Essex. Folio S2

For further particulars and orders to view apply - -

9 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2

'Phone : Gerrard 3157

Telegrams : "Forenaft, London"

ROBINS LIMITED, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

(Incorporated under the Laws of the Province of Ontario, Canada.)

INVESTMENT RECEIPTS.

Paid up Capital	\$243,200.00
Total Assets per Balance Sheet ...	\$495,700.00
Surplus per Balance Sheet	\$252,500.00

Investment Receipts secured under Deed of Trust by the Trusts and Guarantee Co., Ltd., Toronto, are being issued in denominations of £50, £100 and £200 maturing 1st January, 1929, and 1st November, 1930, yielding Interest at 7% per annum, payable in sterling half-yearly by Coupon at the principal Office of the Imperial Bank of Canada, Toronto, or at the principal Office of their Agents, Lloyds Bank Limited, London, England, at the option of the holder.

For full particulars apply to :

ROBINS (ENGLAND) LIMITED,
Langham House,
302-8 Regent Street,
London, W.1.

OR

MESSRS. GRAHAM, JOHNSTON & FLEMING, W. S.,
4 Albyn Place,
Edinburgh.

Company Meeting

MAZAWATTEE TEA COMPANY PROGRESS OF BUSINESS

Presiding at the THIRTIETH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Mazawattee Tea Company, held on March 26, at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., the Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. Alexander Jackson, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the balance of profit on their trading for the year, after deducting fees, remunerations, legal and audit charges, interest on loan, and Debenture interest, stood at £47,241, against £43,803 last year—an increase of some £3,438. The directors recommended a transfer of £5,000 to the reserve account, payment of the final half-year's preference dividend, and a dividend of 15 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. This further addition to the reserve account would bring it up to £81,000, and, after payment of the dividends recommended, would leave a balance of £41,414 to be carried to next account, subject to such sum as might be voted for the directors' commission under Article No. 101. With regard to the item of goodwill, this figure was originally £382,628, and at the time of the reduction of the capital was reduced to £263,858, the figure at which it now stood. The board fully appreciated what this goodwill meant, and, the shareholders knew, they had each year added to the reserve account in order to build up a substantial set-off against it. After this year's allocation of £5,000 had been passed, the reserves would stand at £81,000, all of which was being used in the business, and was of the greatest help to the company in financial arrangements. The £81,000, together with the carry-forward, would give them some £122,000, which, if applied to the reduction of the goodwill, would leave only £141,000, or exactly three years' purchase on the basis of the present rate of net profit. It must also be borne in mind that each year they spent a very large amount of money in advertisements, all of which should strengthen the goodwill.

As regarded London, the imports of tea from India and Ceylon alone for the twelve months ended February 26th last, amounted to 374,000,000 lbs., against 385,000,000 lbs. for the corresponding period of the previous year. On the other hand, the deliveries from bond for consumption amounted to 395,700,000 lbs., against 353,000,000 lbs. It would, therefore, be realized that the present position of tea was tremendously strong, and with the prospects of less tea coming in during the next few months, the outlook was naturally giving cause for some anxiety.

The sales of Mazawattee tea since the closing of the books in December showed a very marked increase on the corresponding period of last year. The report was unanimously adopted.

CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE 52nd annual report of the Council of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders has made its appearance. The Corporation, which was incorporated in 1873, has as its principal object the protection of the interests of the holders of foreign securities. In addition, it keeps records regarding the economic and financial condition of the various States with whose debts it is called upon to deal. In these circumstances, at a time like the present when the interest of so many investors is focussed on foreign investments, its report is of outstanding interest. Particularly interesting is that part of the present report which deals with the United States of America. The Council state that during the last year considerable surprise has been expressed at the fact that several of the States composing the great American Union are in total default on their debts which the Council points out were not contracted during the civil war or issued for war purposes. It has been officially stated that the United States expects to receive more than £400,000,000 from its European debtors in the next sixty-two years, and that meantime taxation in America is being largely reduced. The Council express the opinion that it seems a strange anomaly that while the United States is insisting so strongly on the obligation of foreign countries to repay money borrowed from her in order to win the war, which was mainly expended in the purchase of war material from American manufacturers, several of her own States should allow their obligations to remain unpaid. The Council draw attention to the fact that in 1884 there was published in the *North American Review* a striking article dealing with these defaulted American Debts, entitled, 'Are we a Nation of Rascals?' This article was written more than forty years ago, but the facts stated therein, in the opinion of the Council, hold good to-day. The Report includes extracts from this article. I quote the following, as it sums up the position:

The proceeds were mostly invested in railroads and other public improvements greatly needed, and at the time generally demanded by citizens of all shades of political opinion. . . . The substance of the whole matter is that the States of the American Union owe a very large sum of money which they are perfectly able to pay, which they ought to pay, but which they will not pay, and which they cannot by any of the usual processes employed against delinquent debtors be made to pay. . . .

It is clear that the obligated States themselves will not provide for these debts. What, then, remains to be done? Our answer is: Let the Government, which has full power in the premises, and which can promptly act through a simple majority at Congress, at once take steps to assume and arrange for the settlement of the debts of the delinquent States on some basis equitable to all concerned.

DEFAULTING STATES

The following table shows the American defaulting States, with the details of the loans referred to:

Name of State	Description of Debt.	Approximate Amount in Default \$
Alabama—Guarantees to Railways, etc.	...	13,000,000
Arkansas—Principally Railway Guarantees, estimated at	...	8,700,000
Florida—Bonds issued to establish Banks and for Railway Guarantees, estimated at	...	8,000,000

Name of State	Description of Debt.	Approximate Amount in Default \$
Georgia—Principally Railway Guarantees, estimated at	...	13,500,000
Louisiana—"Baby Bonds," Railway Guarantees, and Certificates of Claim issued under Settlement of 1874, estimated at	...	6,000,000
Mississippi—Planters' Bank Bonds, 1831-3, \$2,000,000; Union Bank Bonds, 1838, \$5,000,000	...	7,000,000
North Carolina—Special Tax Bonds and Railway Guarantees, estimated at	...	13,000,000
South Carolina—No details available, estimated at	...	6,000,000
		\$75,200,000

It is strongly felt that the above facts should receive the widest publicity, not merely in this country but also in America.

NEW ISSUES

The results accorded to new issues of late do not provide any clear indication of what appeals to the public in this direction. The New South Wales loan resulted in underwriters being left with a very large percentage, despite the fact that it is a trustee stock with a 5% yield and issued at 98. The San Paulo Loan, a 7% bond at 96, was very largely over-subscribed and stands at a premium of $\frac{1}{2}$. On the other hand, the Skoda 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ % debenture issued at 95 was only taken to the extent of about 30% and at present stands at a discount of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$. It is very difficult to define exactly what class of issue the public will subscribe for. There is a regrettable tendency to ignore sound gilt-edged stocks. The New South Wales Loan may have suffered from the criticism which has appeared fairly freely of late that this State is borrowing too freely, but the Trade Facilities Issues made in the previous week were also very badly supported. The public have apparently lost the habit of investing a large portion of their money in British Government gilt-edged securities, a state of affairs which does not augur well for a conversion scheme on the stereotyped lines when it arrives. As regards foreign loans, there appears to be no hard and fast rule. The Skoda issue, in my opinion, is in its class well secured. The yield is generous. The result is, therefore, surprising. The success of the San Paulo Loan is attributable to the fact that it was issued by Rothschild, Baring and Schroder.

As regards industrial issues, here each one is a law unto itself. There is at the moment, however, an unfortunate tendency to make preference share issues without an adequate issue of ordinary shares behind them. The value of a preferential right to the profits of a company for dividend purposes becomes negligible when the preference shares total too large a proportion of the issued capital of the company concerned. After Easter a fresh rush of new issues will be upon us. It is anticipated that monetary conditions will be easier. It will be interesting to see how the new loans are received.

GAS, WATER AND GENERAL INVESTMENT TRUST

At the 38th General Meeting of the Gas, Water and General Investment Trust last week the Chairman, Mr. M. C. Harman, drew attention to the fact that the revenue account showed an increase of about £14,000 over the preceding year. He pointed out that junior stock holders would have to be patient in view of the position of the Company before it came under the present regime.

TAURUS

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE

HEAD OFFICES:
45 Dale Street, LIVERPOOL
155 Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3

ACCIDENT FIRE MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION:
7 Chancery Lane, W.C.2

THE NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA, LTD.

Registered in London under the Companies Act of 1862 on the 23rd March, 1866.

ESTABLISHED IN CALCUTTA, 29th SEPTEMBER, 1863

Subscribed Capital	£4,000,000
Paid-up Capital	£2,000,000
Reserve Fund	£2,800,000
Number of Shareholders	2,564

HEAD OFFICE: 26 BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.

BRANCHES:

CALCUTTA.
BOMBAY.
MADRAS.
KURRACHEE.
CHITTAGONG.
AMRITSAR.
CAWNPORE.

DELHI.
LAHORE.
TUTICORIN.
COCHIN.
RANGOON.
MANDALAY.
COLOMBO.

KANDY.
NEWERA ELIYA.
ADEN.
STEAMER POINT, ADEN.
ZANZIBAR.
TANGA
DAR-ES-SALAAM

MOMBASA
NAIROBI
NAKURU
KISUMU
ENTEBBE
KAMPALA
JINJA

Kenya
East
Africa.
Uganda

AGENCIES:

GALLE CEYLON ... Messrs. Clark, Spence and Co.
EDINBURGH ... Messrs. Moncrieff and Horsburgh, 46 Castle Street.
GLASGOW ... Messrs. Mackenzie, Robertson and Co., 176 St. Vincent Street.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

Sir CHARLES C. McLEOD, Bart., Chairman. J. N. STUART, Esq., Deputy Chairman.
Hon. E. JULIAN HAWKE. R. LANGFORD JAMES, Esq. C. NICOLL, Esq.
Sir John P. HEWETT, G.C.S.I., K.B.E., C.I.E. ROBERT MILLER, Esq. J. A. TOOMEY, Esq.
General Manager—C. NICOLL, Esq. London Manager—J. Y. MUNRO, Esq.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK, LIMITED. BANK OF ENGLAND. NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED.
Solicitors—Messrs. SANDERSON, LEE AND CO.

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1925.

The Rupee Assets and Liabilities have been converted at the rate of 1s. 4d. per Rupee.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Capital:—				By Cash on hand, at call and at Bankers	5,225,492	11	0
Subscribed, 160,000 Shares of £25 each, £4,000,000	2,000,000	0	0	By Bullion on hand and in Transit	229,633	12	8
Paid-up £12 10s. per share	2,800,000	0	0	By Indian Government Rupee Securities	5,454,536	3	8
To Reserve Fund	33,168,283	7	8	By British Government Securities, Indian Government	4,092,187	19	2
To Current, Fixed Deposit and other Accounts, including	1,136,823	13	6	Guaranteed Debentures and other Securities (of which			
provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts and Contingencies	1,062,856	2	6	£300,000 War Loan lodged with Bank of England as			
To Bills Payable	561,084	18	1	Security for Government Accounts	9,890,819	12	6
To Acceptances for Customers				By House Property and Furniture	477,177	4	1
To Profit and Loss Account, as under				By Bills of Exchange (including Treasury Bills)	6,768,060	4	1
	£40,729,048	1	9	By Discounts, Loans Receivable, and other sums due to the	12,983,420	15	9
				Bank	1,062,856	2	6
				By Customers for Acceptances per Contra	£40,729,048	1	9

To Bills receivable re-discounted, £7,023,248 5s. 9d., of which up to 16th March, 1926, £5,201,627 11s. 8d. have run off. Forward Contracts outstanding for the Purchase and Sale of Sterling Bills and Telegraphic Transfers £13,934,567 15s. 1d.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the Year ended 31st December, 1925.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To ad interim dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended 30th June, 1925	200,000	0	0	By Balance at 31st December, 1924	534,980	4	9
To Expenses of Management at Head Office and Branches	558,505	18	8	Deduct—			
To Balance	561,084	18	1	Dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended 31st December, 1924	400,000	0	0
				Amount written off House Property Account	20,000	0	0
				Officers' Pension Fund	40,000	0	0
				Amount carried to Reserve Fund for the Year ended 31st December, 1924	50,000	0	0
					310,000	0	0
				Balance brought forward	224,980	4	9
				By Gross Profits for the year ended 31st December, 1925, after providing for all bad and doubtful debts	1,094,610	12	0
	£1,319,590	16	9		£1,319,590	16	9

C. NICOLL, General Manager.
G. B. LINTON, Sub-Manager & Accountant.

C. C. McLEOD,
J. P. HEWETT,
E. JULIAN HAWKE, } Directors.

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

We have audited the above Balance Sheet with the Books in London and the certified Returns from the Branches. We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is full and fair, containing the particulars required by the Regulations of the Company, and is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

London, 17th March, 1926.

COOPER BROTHERS & Co.,
W. A. BROWNE & Co., Chartered Accountants, } Auditors.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

APRIL, 1926—CONTENTS.

George Bernard Shaw Self-revealed. Part I. By Archibald Henderson.
The Future of English Poetry. Part II. By Robert Graves.
Secret Diplomacy at Geneva. By "Augur."
Cardinal Mercier in Occupied Belgium. By Emile Cammaerts.
Investors and Germany: A Letter from Berlin. By Robert Crozier Long.
L'Abri du Pêcheur. By Douglas Goldring.
Great Britain and France in the Near East. By Capt. C. D. Brunton.
The Letters of Queen Victoria. By S. M. Ellis.
W. L. George. By Sheila Kaye-Smith.
The Coal Report: No Solution. By Lancelot Lawton.
The Irish Boundary Settlement. By "Macdara."
Twilight in Bath. By Arthur L. Salmon.
The Vanity-Bag. By William Gerhardt.
Current Literature. By S. M. Ellis.
New Books. By J. A. T. Lloyd.

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.

PRATTS



The
ORIGINAL
Guaranteed
Spirit

Best on Test

NATIONAL REVIEW

Edited by J. L. Maxse April 1926 Price 3s. net

The Executive and the Judiciary

By Sir LYNDEN MACASSEY, K.C., LL.D.

Germany and the League

By IAN D. COLVIN

The Sea, the Air, and the Nation

By BOREAS

Will Betting be Taxed?

By LORD NEWTON

Sir Hudson Lowe at St. Helena

By Lieut.-Colonel The Hon. BEN BATHURST

New Light on the Cuckoo

By HAROLD RUSSELL

The Education Fight and the Nation

By Rt. Hon. Sir HENRY CRAIK, Bart., K.C.B., M.P.

The Electronic Reactions of Abrams

By N. BOSANQUET

Political Misconceptions

By Viscount SANDON, M.P.

The Finding of the Treasure

By Lady PHILLIMORE

Pup the "Pi"

By R. H. OAKLEY

The Intimacies and some Indiscretions of Colonel House

By L. J. MAXSE

Correspondence Section

Maxse v. Ernest Benn Limited. Sir Alfred Mond's Protest.

8 JOHN ST., ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2

Schools

COLSTON'S SCHOOL, STAPLETON, BRISTOL. BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Founded 1708.

Staff of Nine Graduates. Healthy site. Twelve acres of Playing Fields. Cadet Corps. Swimming Bath. Fees for board, tuition, stationery, laundry, and medical attendance, £60 per annum. Illustrated Prospectus from Headmaster, Mr. A. R. MILLBOURN, M.A. (Oxon.)

LINTON HOUSE SCHOOL, HOLLAND PARK AVENUE, LONDON, W.II

Boys prepared for the Public Schools and Royal Navy. Entire charge when parents are abroad. Playing fields of seven acres.

Prospectus on application.

DIGBY CUTCLIFFE, Headmaster

TORMORE, UPPER DEAL, KENT

Boys' Preparatory School on Kent Coast. Eleven Scholarships gained at Public Schools in four years. Cricket, Rugby and Association Football properly coached. Eleven acres of grounds.

Prospectus from Headmaster—

F. G. TURNER, M.C., B.A.

'Saturday Review' Acrostics: 3.4.1926

Allen and Unwin	Harrap	Murray
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Heinemann	Nash & Grayson
Basil Blackwell	Herbert Jenkins	Odham Press
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Hodder & Stoughton	Putnam's
Chapman & Hall	Hodge	Routledge
Collins	Hurst and Blackett	Sampson Low
Dent	Hutchinson	Selwyn & Blount
Fisher Unwin	Jerrold	S.P.C.K.
Foulis	Macmillan	Stanley Paul
Grant Richards	Melrose	The Bodley Head
Gyldendal	Mills & Boon	Ward, Lock
		Werner Laurie

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon

Schools

ST. NICHOLAS' SCHOOL, LITTLEHAMPTON, SUSSEX
PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Prospectus on application to Headmaster—Mr. P. A. Maynard.

S. PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK

SCHOLARSHIPS reducing fees to £80 per annum at First Grade Public School. May 20 and 21.

For particulars apply to the Bursar.

POCKLINGTON SCHOOL, E. YORKS

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS annually in June £20-£30. Fees, £75 per annum inclusive.

Apply Headmaster.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S ABBEY SCHOOL
RAMSGATE

JUNIOR SCHOOL FOR BOYS BETWEEN 7 and 14
Terms strictly inclusive.

For Prospectus apply to the Headmaster: Rev. Adrian Taylor, O.S.B., M.A. (Cantab.) or the Abbot, Right Rev. T. E. Egan, O.S.B.

S. COLUMBA'S COLLEGE,
RATHFARNHAM, CO. DUBLIN

Public School. Sister foundation of Radley College, Berks. Situation unrivalled for health and beauty. On the Dublin Mountains, six miles from Kingstown Harbour. Fees, £100 p.a. Scholarships. For particulars apply—

The Rev. The Warden.

KESWICK SCHOOL, DERWENTWATER
A CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

New Buildings to be opened in September. Vacancies for boarders (boys and girls). A special feature is made of good feeding, and a healthy open-air life. Entrance and Scholarship Examination July 3.

Prospectus on application from Headmaster

CHELMSFORD HALL, EASTBOURNE
PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Fees £42 termly, practically inclusive. Reductions for sons of officers killed on service.

For Prospectus apply to the Headmaster—

MAJOR L. C. STEVENS, O.B.E., T.D.

PALMER'S SCHOOL, GRAYS, ESSEX

Boarding and Day School for Boys, near London, providing Public School Education for moderate inclusive fees. Recent successes include Final Honours London University and Scholarships to Oxford and Cambridge.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free on application to the Headmaster.

ST. EDMUND'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY

Public School on high ground (35 acres). Preparation for Universities, Army, Navy, etc. Separate Junior School.

Headmaster, Canon W. F. Burnside.

BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOL
NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS

(35 Pupils). Boys prepared for the Public Schools and Royal Navy. Entire charge taken during the holidays of sons of parents resident abroad.

Prospectus on application

C. A. PERKIN, The Grange, Matfield, Kent.

Kinemas

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, KINGSWAY

Daily from 2 to 10.45 (Sunday, from 6 to 10.30. New Programme).

Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

April 5, 6 and 7

RICARDO CORTEZ, GRETA NISSEN, WALLACE BEERY and RAYMOND HATTON in

"IN THE NAME OF LOVE"

Adapted from Bulwer Lytton's Play, "The Lady of Lyons."

HAROLD LLOYD in Four-Reel Comedy

"A SAILOR-MADE MAN"; etc.

Next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

April 8, 9 and 10

JOHN BOWERS, WILLIAM V. MONG and MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE in

"OFF THE HIGHWAY"

From Tom Gallon's Novel "Tatterley."

QUEENIE THOMAS and ERIC BRANSBY WILLIAMS in

"THE GOLD CURE"

Comedy—Brothers under the Chin, etc.

Managing Director: SIR OSWALD STOLL.

Theatres

COURT THEATRE, Sloane Sq., S.W. Sloane 5137 (2 lines).

THIRD YEAR AND LONDON'S LONGEST RUN

Eden Phillpott's Comedy,

THE FARMER'S WIFE

EVERY EVENING at 8.15.

MATINEES: Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2.15

PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS

April 21st—ART CITIES OF ITALY ... 4 weeks

May 22nd—GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE ... 4 weeks

June 25th—CHATEAUX LOIRE, PYRENEES ... 27 days

First-class. Small Parties. Accompanied.

N. S. BISHOP, F.R.G.S.,

159 Auckland Road, London, S.E.19

Literary

£200 CASH offered for best novel. Full particulars free. Stories, Poems, Films, Essays, Music, Songs also desired. No reading fees.—Messrs. Arthur Stockwell, Limited, 29 Ludgate Hill, London. Established 1898.

TYPEWRITING.—Miss S. Ruth Speakman, 12 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2. Gerrard 6179. Architects and Surveyors worked for.

FAULTLESS Stenography by MEG TANNER'S FAMOUS EXPERTS. Accuracy, lowest prices, and no delay. Authors' MSS. 1s. 1,000 words, each c.c. 3d. Secretaries by the hour. 'Phone Park 4711 for terms. 35 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

KELMSCOTT Chaucer and Doves Press Bible wanted. Kindly state price and condition to the largest buyer in the country of private press books. HOLLINGS' BOOK SHOP, 7 Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. NEW CATALOGUE NOW IN PRESS. POST FREE.

TUITION BY POST

In Latin, Greek, French, Mathematics, etc., for Matriculation, B.A., and other Examinations. Address Mr. J. CHARLESTON, B.A., 14 Elsham Road, Kensington, W.14.

JOHN O' GROAT Bookstand, nicely finished in antique oak, with inlaid view of John o' Groats, 12s. 6d., carriage paid.—Baikie, Cabinet-maker, Lochshell, Wick, N.B.

Shipping

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C. 3. E.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

Miscellaneous

BOOKS.—The Tatler, First Edition, 4 vols., 1710, rare, £3 3s.; Tom Paine's Political and Miscellaneous Works, 1819, 2 vols., 42s.; Mrs. Jameson's Works, Sacred and Legendary Art, etc., 6 vols., full Morocco gilt, £4 10s., cost £15; Burton's The Kasidah, illus. by John Kettlewell, 6s. 6d.; Posthumous Poems, by Algernon Chas. Swinburne, edited by Gosse, 1917, only 300 done, 30s.; Sportsman in Ireland, 1897, 25s.; Vizetelly's Mermaid Series, Old Dramatists, 18 vols., scarce, £5 5s.; Rothenstein's 24 Portraits, 13s. 6d.; pub. 25s.; Alken's Coloured Prints, "Cockfighting," 4 for £15, 1841; Burton's Arabian Nights, illus., 17 vols., Best Edition, £15; London Tradesmen's Cards of the 18th Century, by Ambrose Heal, 1925, £2 2s.; The Uncollected Work of Aubrey Beardsley, 1925, £2 2s.; The Masculine Cross and Ancient Sex Worship, 8s.; Les Aventures du Chevalier De Faublas, best large type edit., 2 vols., illus., Paris, 1842, £3 3s.; The Novellino of Masuccio, trans. by Waters, illus., 2 vols., 1895, rare, £6 6s.; Sporting Magazine from 1826, with many rare plates, 27 vols., bound in 22, £10 10s.; Hannay Sex Symbolism in Religion, with an Appreciation by Sir George Birdwood, 2 vols., 25s.; J. M. Barrie's Works, "Kirkmuir" Edit., 10 vols., scarce, £7 7s.; Scott's novels, fine set, "Dryburgh Edition," 25 vols., £3 3s.; Thackeray's Works, nice set, 12 vols., £3; R. L. Stevenson's Works, "Vailima" Edit., 26 vols., £38. Send also for Catalogue. 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. BAKER'S GREAT BOOK SHOP, 14-16 John Bright Street, Birmingham. BOOKS WANTED: Housman, A Shropshire Lad, 1896; Kipling's Jungle Books, 2 vols. 1st Edits. 1894-95; Letters of Marquess, 1891; Plain Tales from the Hills, 1888; Soldiers Three, 1888, paper covers. Any others by Kipling, paper covers, First Edits.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM CHEESES, consisting solely of cream without preservatives; unique process; delicious, nourishing, nerve-feeding, chill-preventing. Supplied weekly to the Duchess of Atholl and the Ladies Ilchester, Cunliffe, Swaythling, etc. 2s. 10d., including postage.—Mrs. S. Conyers, Bridestowe, Devonshire.

DEAN FOREST, Severn-Wye Valleys, Beautiful Holiday Home (600 ft. up), seventy rooms; five acres; billiards, tennis, croquet, bowls, golf; garages. Board Residence, 47s. 6d. to 65s. Prospectus: Littledean House, Littledean, Glos.

A Security which does not Depreciate

Endowment Assurance provides a means of saving which for convenience and advantage is unequalled. Endowment Assurance is Life Assurance combined with Investment.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1.

All Classes of Insurance Business Transacted.

"Hoist your sail when the wind is fair."

An old and wisdom-bearing proverb. Once hoisted, should the wind change you can trim your sail to meet it, and continue to make good progress.

To the Business Man there is a close analogy in Life Assurance.

Assure your life while your health is good by means of a

"BUSINESS MAN'S POLICY"

(A special scheme of great adaptability).

Once effected it gives its holder valuable options to change its nature according as varying circumstances may arise.

Many a man as years go on wishes he had effected a different class of Policy. The ordinary policy is practically immutable. The Business Man's Policy gives definite options from the outset, and the holder knows exactly what he can do.

Write for explanatory leaflet "AE.7" of this adaptable Policy, to

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

(Established 1825)

Head Office: 3, George Street, EDINBURGH.

LONDON - 110, CANNON STREET, E.C.4, and

15a, PALL MALL, S.W.1.

DUBLIN - 59, DAWSON STREET.



Visitors to London (and Residents) should use

DARLINGTON'S

"Very emphatically tops them all."—DAILY GRAPHIC.

LONDON

AND By Sir Ed. T. COOK, K.B.E.

ENVIRONS.

30 Maps and Plans. 80 Illustrations.

60 Illustrations. Maps & Plans, 7/6

NORTH WALES.

100 Illustrations. Maps & Plans, 7/6

DEVON AND CORNWALL.

60 Illustrations. Maps & Plans, 6/-

FRENCH & ITALIAN RIVIERA.

100 Illustrations. Maps & Plans, 4/-

W. SWITZERLAND & CHAMONIX (France)

2/- PARIS, LYONS, & RHONE VALLEY

2/- CHAMONIX (France) & ENVIRONS

2/- THE FRENCH RIVIERA

2/- THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

2/- LAKE OF GENEVA, RHONE VALLEY & ZERMATT

2/- BERNE, THE BERNESE OBERLAND & LUCERNE

2/- ST. MORITZ, PONTRESINA and the ENGADINE

Llangollen—Darlington. London—Simpkin's. Paris and New York—Brentano's. Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

The Reliable Family Medicine with over 70 yrs. Reputation

The Best Remedy known for
COUGHS, COLDS

Always ask for a
"Dr. COLLIS BROWNE."

INFLUENZA, CATARRH,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

Acts like a Charm in
DIARRHŒA, COLIC
and other Bowel Complaints.

A True Palliative in NEURALGIA,
TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT

Of all Chemists, 1/3 & 3/-

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

The ENGLISH REVIEW

MONTHLY
1s.

The Times.—"The English Review" has a knack of discovering the good books. . . . Rich in good articles."

Morning Post.—"A great variety of interest. The editor takes no narrow and merely partisan view of his responsibilities."

Daily Telegraph.—"Subjects are not presented in tabloid form, but no prolixity is allowed, and thus the reader may complete without waste of time a programme of much variety."

Daily Mail.—"Seems monthly to increase in attractiveness."

Scotsman.—"Numerous short articles of an unusually varied and interesting character."

Irish Times.—"Full of interesting and informative articles."

Westminster Gazette.—"A remarkable shillingsworth."

Referee.—"The English Review" is full of good stuff."

Annual Subscription 14/-; Six months' Subscription 7/6, post free to all parts of the world

Editorial Offices: 4 DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.

Fit Triplex and be Safe

Printed for the Proprietors, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, LTD., 9 King Street, Covent Garden (Telephone: Gerrard 3157, two lines), in the Parish of St. Paul, in the County of London, by HERBERT REICH, LTD., Eyot Works, St. Peter's Square, London, W.6; Saturday, April 3, 1926.